THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

NOVEMBER, 1807.

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RACING CALENDAR 17

Embellished with—I, A beautiful Engraving of Giles, from Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy. II, A View of Thornville-Royal, Yorkshire.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK-SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, PALL-MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORLAND-PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY articles stand over until next month, and among them several Trials at Law connected with Sporting, the accounts of various Hunts and numerous other incidental communications, all of which shall have a previous revisal, and appear as now promised.

In answer to the enquiry after our celebrated Horse Painters, we fancy Mr. Marshall is enjoying the company of his old friend, that truly facetious *little* gentleman, Mr. Lambert, at Leicester, with occasionally exercising his almost unrivalled pencil in the way of his profession.

Mr. Chalon is at present at Newmarket, painting Barbarossa, Selim, Sir David, and Orvil, the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Sartorius, jun. we presume, is upon some capital Paintings in the Sporting Line, but of him we have heard nothing of late.

Reinagle's recent works are mentioned at full in this month's Magazine, and we hope will prove a profitable speculation to him.

Mr. Scott, the engraver, is upon two capital Pictures for large Plates, one of them Gilpin's Death of the Fox. He has likewise a horse in hand, from Stubbs, for our Magazine.

Our old Correspondent will excuse us for omitting a whole day's sport in a Fox-chase.—The description of the dinner may be admissible; but after Somervile, the rest would be insipid.

ERRATUM.—In our Sporting Intelligence of this Number, Page 90, sixth article, respecting the Race between Cerberus and Bustard, at Newmarket, Bustard is by mistake, stated to be the winner instead of Cerberus.—*Vide* our Racing Calendar.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

J. Green pinx.t H.R. Cook sculp.

Giles.

de Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.

Published Nov.r 1 1807, by J. Wheble Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

GILES.

A beautiful Print to face this Page.

THIS engraving is from a picture of Mr. Green, which was exhibited last year at the British Institution, where it was so much admired for the richness and harmony of its colouring, the tastefulness of the design, and the sweet expression in the countenance of the boy.—Being offered for our Miscellany, the beauty of the picture will be a sufficient apology for our embracing it, though unconnected with Sporting.—It is taken from the Poem of the Farmer's Boy, by Mr. Bloomfield, of which the following is an extract:—

"Shot up from broad-rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown;
There thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome in the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles, with a pole, assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats,
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting boughs' light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head."

Farmer's Boy.

CAPTAIN BENNETT, AND HIS WAGER.

THE article in page 87 of this month's Magazine was taken from the papers of the day; it was likewise copied into that celebrated and useful Journal the *County Chronicle*, by the Editor of which the following letter has since been received, and which will here serve to correct the erroneous statement above-mentioned:—

To the Editor of the County Chronicle.

Felix Cottage, Ongar,
26th Nov. 1807.

DEAR SIR,—I find in your paper you have said I performed the distance I undertook to trundle, or, in other words, beat a hoop along, much within time, and that I went

ten miles in one hour and twenty minutes, all of which is wrong; I was at least ninety-one minutes going the first ten miles, and when I had arrived within three miles of the whole distance I was to have gone to have won my wager, I was obliged to give in, and be conveyed home in the chaise which attended me all the way. But I have offered another bet of 200l. to 300l. that I trundle a hoop, in the same manner, twenty-four miles *in four hours and four minutes*, and the parties betting with me to compel me to stop the four minutes, but not longer, without I shall think it necessary myself. I have reason to think my offer will be accepted; if so, it is my intention to sport another 200l. with any one or more gentlemen who may feel themselves inclined to bet with me, on the same terms. Had it not been for the error in your paper, I should have not troubled you with this, and you are at full liberty to make what use of this information you shall think proper.

Your obedient servant,
J. BENNETT.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY AND WOOD'S FOOT-RACE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR, York, Nov. 24.

I Observe, in your last Magazine, a statement of the race between Wood and Barclay; but the disputes concerning bets on that head (which appear to be copied from the newspapers) are very far from being satisfactory to sporting men, who expected something decisive from your last publication.

In the first place you say, it was manifest there was no collusion between Barclay and Wood, and it was the opinion of two surgeons, that Wood could not have gone many more miles: and in another place you say, that Wood was doubtless the innocent dupe of his associates:—then why should the London people refuse to pay their bets? Nobody seems to blame but the person who gave him the laudanum, who, I think, would have been prosecuted had it been true. If, from one person's misconduct, all bets can be made void, there would always be some villain found to do it where great sums were depending. It appears that Sir Charles Bunbury, and the regular frequenters of Newmarket, said the bets ought to be paid: you say the London sportsmen protested against it, and declared off their bets, but still agreed with their Newmarket brethren, that crosses should be paid amongst them at all times, or it would stagnate the system. How can this conduct be reconciled with their not paying? Again you say, these disputes were finally settled at Tattersall's on the 12th,* the same day the race was run. This is what has caused the most dispute among us. You say the majority of the company were of opinion the bets ought not to be paid: this is no decision at all; perhaps the majority of that company had lost their money on the match—you don't say who they were that decided it, nor what authority they had.

I have seen several sporting men who were at Newmarket at the same time, and upon whose vera-

* A mistake—it must have been on a subsequent day.

city

sity I can rely—they declare that bets were regularly paid and received amongst sporting men, and that the disputes arose from those who were not in the habit of sporting. Nobody refuses to pay with us but such people as those, who are waiting for some further decision. I am informed it was one B——, a hair-dresser, that first caused the dispute, but afterwards paid by order of Sir C. Bunbury.

I expect no further decision but what can come from your Magazine. I hope you will be so kind as to insert in your next, how these disputes are settled, and from what authority; and you will highly oblige

YOUR SPORTING FRIENDS.

FROM THE EDITORS.

We have had no communication with the worthy Baronet named in the foregoing letter; but as no one has attempted to controvert his opinion, we give it as conclusive, that the bets lost on the match between Capt. Barclay and Wood, at Newmarket, on the 12th of October, SHOULD BE PAID.

COURSING.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

NOV. 2, 1807.

THIS meeting, so celebrated for its pleasantry, and which always assembles such a number of real sportsmen, began on Monday last, when the Confederated Foxhounds found in Linton Whin, and after running the fox in a very gallant style over the high wolds to Sledmere, they there ran into him, and killed him. The number of sportsmen was very great.

Tuesday.

The first public coursing day had the following matches:

Two Post Matches, bonâ fide.—Mr. Best won from Mr. Plumer, and one undecided.

Four Post Matches.—Sir M. M. Sykes against Sir T. Slingsby. Sir Thomas won two and lost two.

A Post Match between Major Topham and Mr. Treacher—undecided.

Mr. Hawker forfeited to Sir M. M. Sykes,

Mr. Torre forfeited two Post Matches to Mr. Plumer.

Mr. Denison forfeited two Post Matches to Mr. Best.

The weather bad. A thick fog prevented further sport. The hares, which were very numerous, ran so uncommonly stout, that only two were killed.

Wednesday.

This day presented nothing but an incessant rain.

Thursday,

Which is now fixed as the day of running for the Prize Cup, formerly the first thing of the meeting, had the following dogs start for it, the property of members, who alone are allowed to do so; the dogs came in as under:

Sir T. Slingsby's blue bitch Myrtle 1
Mr. Lowther's dog, Firelock, by Young Snowball 2
Maj. Topham's white dog, Snake, got by Wonder, out of Susan, (Snowball blood) 3

The course was an uncommonly fine one, though run in the midst of a shower of snow, in which the hare had the advantage of the greyhounds, and made the course much more difficult to decide, from the difficulty of seeing distinctly. After

ter the decision of the Prize Cup, notwithstanding the incessant storms of snow and hail which attacked the sportsmen, and made riding, and even seeing, occasionally impossible over the high Wolds, 14 matches were run up.

Out of five matches against Mr. Mellish, with the Newmarket blood, Major Topham won four, with the blood of Snowball.

After a very severe course, a bitch of Mr. Starkie's, (a Post Match) beat Major Topham's Derbyshire dog, Galliard. Betting much in favour of Galliard.

Amongst the best dogs of the meeting, Mr. Lowther's dog, who run for the Cup, and Mr. Best's dog, Snowdrop, were held to be the best; who, though seven years old, still maintained the reputation of Old Snowball.

The meeting, though not numerously attended, was a very pleasant one, and numerous matches were made for the meeting in February next.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING, NOV. 8, 1807.

Monday.—Igborough Field.

Mr. Moseley's Bachelor beat Mr. Hamond's Wormwood; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Tuesday.—1st Westacre Field.

Matches for the Cup.

1. Mr. Redhead's Lively beat Mr. Lovelace's Manby.

2. Mr. Hamond's Quaker beat Sir Wm. Clayton's Ursula.

Matches after the Cup.

Mr. Redhead's Leda beat Mr. Lovelace's Mary; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Hamond's Wormwood rec. ft. from Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Johnson's Lady Nelson beat Mr. F. Hamond's Woodbine; 1g. and 2gs. bye.

Sir Wm. Clayton's Una rec. ft. from Mr. Lovelace's Mary; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Dover's Drone beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wren, 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Madge beat Mr. Redhead's Lady, 1g.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wydford beat Mr. Redhead's Lovely; 1g. and 2gs. bye.

Wednesday.—Smee.

Major Wilson's Xanthus beat Mr. Dover's Dick; 1g.

Mr Moseley's (Mr Gurney's) Broom against Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle (undecided); 1g. and 1g. bye.

Four matches were off on account of the rain.

Thursday.—Cley Field.

Mr. Lovelace's Mary beat Sir Wm. Clayton's Una; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr F. Hamond's Wormwood beat Mr. Johnson's (Mr. Gurney's) Nina; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Sir William Clayton's Uriah beat Mr. Moseley's Bachelor; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Sir William Clayton's Umpire beat Mr. Vernon's Eliza; 1g.

Mr. Lovelace's Mademoiselle beat Major Wilson's Xantippe; 1g.

Major Wilson's Xantippe against Mr Hamond's Whitenose; 1g. (undecided.)

Mr. Johnson's (Mr. Knudson's) Naughty agst Mr. F. Hamond's Walsh; 1g. (undecided.)

(Two matches off.)

Friday.—2d Westacre Field.

Mr. Lovelace's Midas beat Mr. Johnson's (Mr. Knudson's) Naughty, first up to the hare, 1g.

Match

Match for the Cup.

Mr. Readhead's Lively beat Mr. Hamond's Quaker. (Lively won the Cup.)

Mr. Lovelace's Mouse beat Mr. Mellish's (Mr. R. Wilson's) Irene; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Madge beat Mr. Caldwell's Kitty; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Mr Hamond's Quash beat Mr. F. Hamond's Wren; 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Gurney's) Broom beat Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle; 1g. and 1g. bye.

Sir W. Clayton's Una beat Mr. Breton's Sophia; 1g.

Mr. Mellish's (Mr. Gurney's) Isabella p. beat Mr. Hamond's p. Quidnunc; 1g.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wydford beat Sir Wm. Clayton's Umpire; 1g. and 4gs. bye.

Mr. Hamond's Queen beat Mr. Lovelace's Magic; 1g.

Sir Wm. Clayton's Ursula agst Mr. Breton's (Mr. Davey's) Snake; 1g. undecided.

TEMPLE BELLWOOD.

On Thursday, the 5th instant, the annual Coursing Meeting at Temple Belwood, in the Isle of Axholm, was run for over North Moor, for a pair of elegant Silver Cups, value 15l. 15s.

First round.—Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle, beating Mr. Girdham's dog Rolla. Mr. Littlewood's dog Mungo, beating Mr. Gibson's dog Sancho. Mr. Johnson's dog Temple, beating Mr. Hansley's dog Nelson. Mr. Johnson's dog Nelson, beating Mr. Johnson's bitch Duchess.

Second round.—Mr. Johnson's dog Nelson, beating Mr. Johnson's dog Temple. Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle, beating Mr. Littlewood's Mungo.

Third round—Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle beating Mr. Johnson's dog Nelson; which ended the race for the Cups in favour of Mr. Hansley's bitch Nettle.

INTELLIGENCE TO BREEDERS, &c.

We perceive, from the *York Herald*, that the undermentioned celebrated Stallions are already announced for the ensuing season, in that justly-esteemed publication; a paper much in repute for giving, as ONE of its departments, early and correct intelligence in Racing, Fox and Hare-Hunting, Greyhound Coursing, Cocking, &c. We believe that during the season, there are more Stallions advertised to cover in the *York Herald* than in all the other papers in the kingdom. Indeed, it seems a general Repository for the breeder and sportsman.

Beningbrough	Sancho
Delpini	Trafalgar (son of Sir Peter)
Diamond	Young Woodpecker
Evander	Zachariah.
Golumpus	
Paynator	

Illustrative of, and in addition to the foregoing, we have the following articles from correspondents:—

Gohanna (sire of Trafalgar, Wretch, Hedley, Canopus, Cardinal Beaufort, Quail, Corsican Fairy, Coriolanus, Cerberus, Jerboa, Receiver, &c. &c.) is advertised to cover next season, at Petworth, Sussex, at 50gs. a mare, and 2gs. the groom; a higher price than any horse ever yet covered at, except Match'em, who covered at 50gs. and Marsk, who covered at 100gs. and one season at 200gs.

That

That excellent stallion Beningbrough is advertised to cover forty mares besides three of his owner's, at 25gs each.—He is sire of Orville, Ashton, Fortuna, Lady Mary, Rosette, Scud, Windle, Thorn, Maida, Phlebotomist, Mr. Garforth's colt out of Caroline, and several other good runners.

Mr. Watts has hired Lord Sackville's celebrated racer Dick Andrews for the season 1801, to cover at 10gs. at Bishop-Burton, near Beverly.—Mr. W. has an excellent stud of brood mares, a dozen or more, and a fine stable of hunters in the highest condition possible.

Lord Grosvenor has hired that well-known good runner, and celebrated Stallion, Diamond, for the season 1808, and means to put the whole, or at least the greatest part, of his brood-mares to him.

MR. COKE's SHOOTING PARTY.

AT the latter end of October, Mr. Coke had a shooting party at Holkham, when the party killed as follows :

OCTOBER 27.

Mr. Coke	60	Mr. William Fitzroy	36
Lord Albemarle	55	Lord Spencer	29
Mr. Churchill	45	General Keppel	29
Mr. Collet	45	Lord Anson	20
Lord Tavistock	41	Lord Bradford	18
Mr. Wilbraham	41	Lord Althorpe	16
General Walpole	32	Colonel Keppel	14
		Total	531

OCTOBER 29.

Mr. Coke	66	Lord Anson	30
Sir John Shelly	62	General Walpole	30
Lord Tavistock	50	Lord Spencer	26
Mr. William Churchill	38	Mr. William Fitzroy	24
Mr. Wilbraham	37	General Keppel	24
Lord Albemarle	36	Colonel Keppel	16
		Total	473

OCTOBER 31.

Mr. Coke	71	General Walpole	27
Sir John Shelley	60	Mr. Wilbraham	27
Lord Tavistock	55	General Keppel	21
Mr. William Churchill	50	Mr. William Fitzroy	20
Lord Albemarle	37	Mr. Smith	11
Lord Anson	28	Mr. William Smith	2
		Total	453

Part.	*Phea.*	*Hares.*	*Rabbits.*	*W. Cock.*	*Var.*	*Total.*
16	69	266	171	8	1	531
25	49	205	183	9	2	473
5	32	160	242	12	2	453
46	150	631	596	29	5	1457

THE

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

No. III.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason—man is not a fly.

Pope.

WHAT volumes of learned literature have been written, to shew and to prove what has never been shewn, and what will never be proved, namely, that animals of the brute species are mere machines, and that they do not act from reason and premeditation, but that all those actions of their's, which appear so strikingly ingenious, so proper, and well adapted to their wants and situations, are the mere effects of instinct. This being a disquisition wholly unworthy of, and beneath the rational sportsman, I shall drop it at once, to make a few observations on two or three different kinds of animals, whose appearance of reason, and whose industry and ingenuity, may be seen and observed by every one; but I beg leave, first, to be indulged in making a short declamation.

Man may boast of his reason; he ought to boast of it, and to value and pride himself upon it, since reason is the noblest, the most exalted, the most valuable endowment of nature; it is the spring from whence flows every thing great and good; it is the master wheel that puts in motion and governs ten thousand times ten thousand others. Let him boast as long and largely as he pleases, let him arrogate to himself the sole peculiar gift of reason, let him place himself next in order to those superior beings that govern worlds,—yet for all this vain extolment and arrogation, his own perceptive faculties may and will convince him, and compel him to declare, that he is, in some things, much inferior to those orders of beings over which he is lord and governor, those innumerable animals which he so lightly regards, and so greatly degrades with a total exemption of his own exalted prerogative and greatest excellence, reason, premeditation, and design.—He has not a microscopic eye;—why should he? he wants it not, nor does the fly need an eye like to man's, to see and comprehend the form and dimensions of vast objects. The fly has as much cause to complain and lament its want of microscopic eyes as a man, since we may believe that there are particles of matter so very minute as to escape even their optics, and which are of an equal importance to them to see and examine, as it is to man to see and examine those which are common and familiar to the fly.

It seems there are, and no doubt there must be, particular consequences annexed and pertaining to every order and species of beings, according to their form and size, as well as to their rise and design. Each animal partakes of the five senses; they see, hear, feel, taste, and smell; yet each animal appears to have a peculiar degree of excellence in one or more of the senses, according to its form, order, and size. Great and small animals must necessarily have a wide disparity in one or two of the senses; the minute animal cannot attain to any clear and distinct comprehension of great objects, nor can the large have any distinct perception of those objects which are very small. Situation may have some effect upon the senses, but custom has more. An old man, almost worn out, and nearly feeble, who has

has long been accustomed to handle small and slight objects, as fine thread or silk, will handle and manage them much more adroitly and better, have a clearer perception of them, than a young and active man, who has never been accustomed to handle them. With what quickness and dexterity does the ingenious spider handle its web? man has not, nor is it possible for him, ever to attain to that acute and nice sense of feeling.

If the spider be examined with respect to reason, it will appear no less wonderful. It seems to possess not only ingenuity and cunning, but to have a premeditated design in its works and actions. There appear to be a plan and design in its web to answer several contingent purposes that may occur. It is curious and amusing to see it at work, and to observe with what art and design it proceeds in framing and completing the object of its labour, supplying whatever is necessary to make it answerable to its designs, as strong as its materials will allow, and tight enough for itself to move upon without wavering. If the work be too slack, it strikes an oblique line to some other stay, drawing it tight, and fixing it thereto, and on the opposite another, by which means the web is tightened and stayed; the whole may be seen to have a design, to be executed with judgment, part answering to part; the whole taken together making a complete work of its kind. When the work is injured by strong winds, or large insects coming in contact with it, but not so materially as to render it entirely useless, how industriously and carefully does the little architect make good its breaches, repairing it wherever needful. The sense of feeling must be extremely acute and nice in the spider, nor does its understanding and management appear less conspicuous. A formidable enemy it approaches and engages with all the wariness, cunning, and circumspection of an experienced warrior; prepares every thing in order and readiness against an attack; it approaches, retreats, renews the attack, and is in general a conqueror, unless the enemy breaks its works, and escapes by flight.

I was much entertained last summer in observing a large spider forming its outworks over my window. Its industry and management in preparing the ambuscade were admirable; at evening she carefully made good the injuries her works had sustained in the day. A middling-sized fly got entangled one Sunday about noon, as I was standing by within. The instant the fly was hampered, the watchful spider descended as quick as thought; the poor captive had not time to break its bondage by struggling, for she had hold of it, and by degrees drew it to the centre of the net, where she had hung a small circle, about the circumference of a shilling, of very fine and closely-wrought web. I had observed this circle before, but knew not its use or design till that moment; she carefully dragged her prey to this circle, which having accomplished, she stretched forth her hands to its upper side, drew it down over the fly, rolling it up therein with such quickness and dexterity as surprised and pleased me; the poor captive, thus rolled up in bandages, could no longer struggle, nor stretch out its legs to hang by the web; she was then able to manage it as she pleased with ease, and she carried it up to hoard above with as much ease as a cat carries a mouse. In the evening I saw her at work, making a similar net in the

the centre of her out-works, to answer a similar purpose the next day, if occasion offered. On the execution of this small work her motions are but just perceptible.

As the ingenuity, industry, society, government, &c. of those little winged insects called bees are so well known to most men, and are so striking as to have escaped few people's admiration and attention, it would be trifling to make many remarks on them. It may not however be deemed impertinent to observe, that bees are a warlike race, and that they seem to proportion the measure of their revenge in some degree to the magnitude of the injury they have sustained. When a horse kicks down a bee-house or shed, they arm one and all, and sally forth to take revenge on the depredator; nor will they desist or quit him till they have given him so many severely pungent wounds, that his death inevitably ensues soon after. Had the injury been less serious, they would probably have suffered him to have made his escape with wounds recoverable; or were an unthinking wanton boy to do them the like injury, they would wound him severely, undoubtedly; but I greatly question whether they would wound him so as to cause his death.

When a bee-house or shed is placed near to objects which are highly disagreeable to them, and a nuisance to their colony, they are not seen or known to wage war or take up arms against it; they are too sensible to attempt seeking revenge against things inanimate, and consequently insensible of what they can inflict. If the offensive object or nuisance be not removed, they either bear it patiently, or fly away, and seek a habitation in some old wall or hollow tree, which the swarms in general do in the spring, leaving the old stocks, which are less active and enterprising, to linger out their few remaining days in a disagreeable situation.

Bees likewise seem to have an affection for those their owners who have an affection and regard for them; they suffer themselves to be approached and sometimes handled by such owners, and they will not injure them, nor put them in apprehension of injury, by menacing sounds and motions. They will not readily do injury to, or alarm any thing, which is calm and quiet. A dog may lie near them and sleep in safety, but if he snaps at every bee which passes near him, they will soon make him glad to remove farther. If a dog be confined near them, and he is restless, snaps at, and greatly annoy and disturb them, by his motions, barking, and howlings, if this continues long, it is ten to one that they seek revenge on their noisy, troublesome, ill-natured neighbour, and sting him to death. Yet before they proceed to such extremity with a confined dog, they generally give some alarm, and their intention may be perceived by the people about, so that the dog may be removed; if he be not, they commence war against him, and put him to a painful death.

It may be expected in this place to find some remarks on the higher orders of animals, horses, dogs, &c.; but as these would open too wide a field of disscusion for the present numbers, the author postpones it to a future day.

M.

SPORTSMAN'S GALLERY.

Under Patronage of the Nobility and Gentlemen Sportsmen of England.

MESSRS. Random and Sneath, of Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, have just opened a Public Gallery of Sporting Pictures, taken from the life, by P. Reinagle, A. R. A. by whom those much-admired subjects for the Sportsman's Cabinet were executed; an artist, whose celebrity in his own line is sufficiently established as not to need further encomium.

From these pictures, plates are engraving by the most approved artists, to embellish the cabinets of the naturalist and the sportsman, which, when completed, will form a series of faithful delineations from those game birds and quadrupeds, particularly delightful to the British sportsman,

" When the hoarse sounding horn
Invites him to the chase, the sport of kings,
Image of war, without its guile."

No. I.—DUCK SHOOTING.

Portraits of two ancient Spaniels, the property of Col. Thornton.

" The fatal shot, the gaudy Mallard feels;
Now o'er the lake the fainting victim wheels:
Well pleas'd, the Sportsman eyes him from the shore,
His head reclines, he drops to rise no more;
The well-train'd Spaniel seeks the floating prize,
And bears it bleeding where the sedges rise."

No. II.—PARTRIDGES AND THEIR BROOD.

The cock bird and its attitude finely described; the distance correct, the warm sky appropriate to the season, and the herbage extremely beautiful.

No. III.—PTERMIGANS OR WHITE GROUSE.

Birds seldom seen in England; the northern parts abound with them on the wild heaths, among the heather, particularly on the estate of his Grace the Duke of Athol. Burns, the Scotch poet, has celebrated the shyness of the Ptermigan, thus—

To solitudes I steal
And take my meal,
Where the pale grouse, shy,
Oft time peer by,
Lest human craft,
Should send the shaft,
From murd'ring steel."

No. IV.—COURSING.

The distance, the sky, and the fern, have all the high finishing of the master; the dark dog is the portrait of a Hound, the property of Captain Hulbert, of the true ancient Irish breed, and very rarely to be met with. The Hare equals any thing of the kind since the days of Snyder.

" And now in open view,
See! see! she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve."

No. V.—SNIPE SHOOTING.

The scene is at the commencement of a thaw, and the fresh blades of grass appearing through the dissolving snow, have a very prime effect. The ice is uncommonly fine, and nature seems better imitated here than in any thing we have seen before. The sportsmen at a distance have a charming effect, and call to our recollection the song of Somerville.

" Soon from the uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts; the leaden death
O'ertakes him, and with many a giddy whirl,
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires."

No.

No. VI.—A FOX BREAKING COVER.

The first cover perhaps ever painted; the horse and figures finely grouped, and the breaking of the morn delectable.

"Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far echoing voice alarm the pack.
—————Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass, or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds."

No. VII.—WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

Here Mr. Reinagle has done wonders; the manner in which the birds fall, if I may be allowed the expression, beautifully describes death.

No. VIII.—MOOR SHOOTING.

The Setters are portraits, taken from a breed between the Pointer and the Spaniel, in which the points in both species are so finely blended, as to form two of the most beautiful creatures of the canine genus. The heather is in bloom and delicious; the bird skimming from its cover charmingly managed.

No. IX.—TWO ROE-BUCKS.

This picture is acknowledged equal to any painting of the master; there is something in grouping the dead animals peculiarly excellent.

The dogs are portraits from a preserved breed, famous for this particular sport; the shrubbery and the whole back ground very delightful.

No. X.—RED GROUSE.

A brilliant picture, highly gratifying to the sportsman.

No. XI.—PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Here the Painter has chosen a very difficult situation for the exercise of his talent. The scene of action is on a glade within a wood, where the strong light of the sun shews the sportsman through the cover in the front ground. The dogs are well disposed, and the pheasant rises majestically.

No. XII.—HARRIERS

In pursuit of a Hare; uncommonly close to nature in all its parts. The more we look on this picture the more we admire, and the firmer it rivets in our opinion the possibility of that enchantment described by the Sportsman's poet, Somerville, when he sings of the hare flying before the pack.

"Afflictive birch,
No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs the adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy! men, boys, and girls,
Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd."

These twelve pictures are already finished, and several of them engraved and delivered to the subscribers; the remaining part is in great forwardness; and when the series is compleated, I shall visit the Sportsman's Gallery again, and communicate through the pages of your entertaining Magazine, my candid remarks on scenes faithfully representing pleasures.

"Which

"Which take from CARE his grief and
palid hue,
And make his spirits mount with health
and joy."

I am, your's, &c.
T. N.

Upon this subject, another correspondent observes:—

As an attention to the Fine Arts becomes more general, and a knowledge of the principles of painting somewhat more universal, a degree of taste is diffused among the country gentlemen; and it naturally follows, that when there is a demand for prints of any particular description, they will be multiplied, and numbers excite emulation; the effects appear in the engravings of this class, lately published, which are very superior indeed to the old class of *Tally Ho!* misrepresentations, that were wont to decorate the parlours of our country squires. They are engraved in a mixed manner of dotting and aquatint, and are showy, and suitable furniture-prints for the Nimrods and coursers of the present age.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, early in January, 1808, (to be paid for on delivery) four plates, representing the most celebrated Race-horses of the day, with portraits of Chiffney and Buckle, after Chalon, horse-painter to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, viz. Sir David, with Groom; the property of the Prince. Brainworm, with Groom, the property of Arthur Shakespeare, esq. Violante, with Buckle; the property of Lord Grosvenor. Pavillion, with Chiffney; the property of Lord Darlington.

The plates are to be engraved in mezzotinto, by Ward and Einsley, twenty-two inches by eighteen. Prints, ten shillings and six-pence each, or in colours, one pound one shilling each.

DIVERTISSEMENTS AT VIENNA, HORSE-MANIA, &c.

EVERY body is acquainted with the anecdote of a voug Parisian marquis, who being asked which he loved most, his girls or his horses, replied, *J'aime plus mes filles, mais j'estime plus mes chevaux.* This was a pretty plain acknowledgment of his sentiments, and such, too, are the sentiments of a large portion of the inhabitants of Vienna.

The partiality for these animals is actually carried to extravagance. People pay an enormous price for them, keep an astonishing number, attend, feed, and caress them, with an attachment bordering on madness.

The number of horses has by no means diminished, but, on the contrary, considerably increased at Vienna, within these ten years; for the middling class of citizens and civil officers must now keep their carriages in imitation of their superiors. There are now about ten thousand of those animals in this city. The total cost of the oats, hay, and straw, consumed by them in 1802, must have amounted to four millions and a half of florins. A stable for two horses in the city now costs from one hundred and ninety to two hundred and twenty florins; and a carriage with two horses cannot be kept for less than one thousand two hundred florins per annum.

While we are upon the subject, we must not forget the old minister Kaunitz, who ranked among the

first

first of these *dilletanti*. He piqued himself on being the best horseman in Vienna, and he certainly was a first-rate scientific equestrian. He had horses from almost every region of the globe: Spanish, Neapolitan, Ukraine, Polish, Transylvanian, Moldavian, Turkish, Arabian, Tripolitan, Persian, but not a single one of English breed. His favourites were, an Arabian poney and a pie-balled horse, bred by Count Trautmanzdorf, in Bohemia. I know not if many horses have been conveyed by the extra post, but the celebrated Prince of Nassau once sent one from Warsaw by the post to Prince Kaunitz, at Vienna, in a carriage constructed for the purpose. It was a grey Persian, of which the Prince had boasted so much, that Kaunitz was desirous of having him as speedy as possible. The foreign ministers who went to his table, or sought his company to hear his sentiments on political affairs, often said the following day, with evident signs of disappointment, to their colleagues, "The Prince talked of nothing but horses and pictures."

To this subject belongs also the following characteristic anecdote: Kaunitz was once conversing with Stoll, his physician, about horses, and asked him what was the most ancient book in which horses were mentioned. Stoll replied, that in his opinion the book of Job was. The Prince immediately rung for one of his attendants, and directed him to purchase a Bible. The bookseller did not fail to talk of this unexpected purchase, which excited no small degree of astonishment in various companies. Some pious old ladies, who had no high opinion of the Prince's orthodoxy, triumphed not a little over the circumstance of his procuring a Bible, though in fact his only object was to seek in the book of Job for the earliest records relative to the race of horses.

To be continued.

SAGACIOUS DOGS.

THE following remarkable anecdotes of dogs are related by an anonymous writer, in the *Athenæum*, who says of himself, that whenever he copies, he is scrupulously accurate, and whenever he speaks in the first person, his word is as the affirmation of a quaker.

"That animals should be found to possess in perfection every faculty which is necessary for their well-being, is nothing wonderful; the wonder would be, if they did not: but they sometimes display a reach of intellect beyond this.

"For instance—dogs have a sense of time, so as to count the days of the week. My grandfather had one, which trudged two miles every Saturday to a market, to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example; a dog which had belonged to an Irishman, and was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday: the Irishman had made him as good a catholic as he was himself. This dog never forsook the sick bed of his last master, and, when he was dead, refused to eat, and died also.

"A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets which had lost her master, and was ready to whelp; he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her, which it may be supposed he was not suffered to want during her con-

confinement. For his gallantry, his name deserves to be mentioned:—it was Pincher. Some of his other acquaintance may remember him. Whenever Pincher saw a trunk packing up in the house, he absconded for the next four-and-twenty hours. He was of opinion that home was the best place."—A sensible dog!

T. B.

MADAME BONAPARTE's EAGLE.

THERE has been some time in the Garden of Plants an eagle, which her Majesty the Empress sent thither, and which is as much distinguished by his beauty as by a silver ring, which he carries in one of his talons. It is the same that has been talked of some time, and that was originally domesticated with an English game cock, which has at last served him for food. It is not known whether the death of the game cock was provoked by his own fierceness, by some movement of anger, or, indeed, by the hunger of the eagle. The public will not be averse to know the history of the latter bird since he lost his liberty. He was taken in the forests of Fontainbleau, in a trap set for foxes, and of which the spring broke his claw. But under the care of Doctor Paulet his cure has been long, and attended with a painful operation. This the eagle has supported with a patience which it would be difficult to find in man. During the operation his head only was at liberty, and of this he did not avail himself to oppose the dressing of his wound, from which several splinters were taken, nor to the apparatus which the fracture required. Swathed in a napkin, and laid on one side, he has passed the whole night upon straw, without the least motion. The next day, when all the bandages were unwrapped, he lodged himself upon a screen, where he passed twelve whole hours, without resting upon the unsound foot. During all that time he made no attempt to escape, though the windows were open; and he refused all nourishment. It was not till the thirteenth day that he tried his appetite upon a rabbit, which was given to him. He seized it with his claw that was not injured, and killed it with a stroke of his beak, between the first vertebra of the neck and the head. After having devoured it, he resumed his place upon the screen, from whence he stirred no more till the 21st day after his accident. Then he began to try the wounded limb, and without deranging in the least the ligature by which it was bound, he has regained the use of it by moderate and reasonable exercise. This interesting creature has passed three months in the room of a servant who attended to him. As soon as the fire was lighted he came up to it, and suffered himself to be caressed; at bed time he mounted his screen, as close as possible to his attendant's bed, and removed to the opposite extremity as soon as the lamp went out. The confidence in his own power appeared to exempt him from every kind of distrust. It is impossible to shew more resignation, more courage, and one might almost be tempted to say, more reason, during the long continuance of his illness. He is of the most beautiful kind, and does not feel the least weakness from the accident which robbed him of his liberty.

CATS

CATS AND OLD MAIDS.

A Gentleman in the city, having called at his poulterer's, in Leadenhall market, last week, observed a respectable-looking female, under 30, enter, preceded by a servant carrying something in a bag: the lady was in mourning; her aspect wore all the characteristics of heart-felt woe—and she appeared "like *Niobe*, all tears." She whispered something to the poulterer, pointed to the bag, promised to call next day, intreated he would not disappoint her, as the *coffin* should then be brought:—and again casting a look of ineffable distress at the bag, raised her snow-white handkerchief to her eyes, and departed, sobbing in broken accents, "*My poor,—dear,—darling,—Tommy!*"

Curiosity prompted the gentleman, who imagined nothing less than the sudden death of a darling infant to be the cause of the lady's woe: he became importunate with the poulterer to develope the mystery, and the latter, after much entreaty, fairly "*let the cat out of the bag:*" for, upon exploring the contents of the precious packet committed to his care, forth came the dead body of a *huge tabby Tom cat*, weighing no less than twelve pounds and a half. This developement served but to whet anew the curiosity of the inquisitive gentleman; and he learned that the lady, who had just departed, was the housekeeper of a respectable elderly merchant, and that the deceased *grimalkin* had been for several years her companion and favourite, was daily fed upon her lap, was beloved and pampered by the cook, the house-maid, the footman, and every servant who wished to keep in the good graces of the house-keeper, so necessary to the retention of their places. The *furred favourite* at length, by dint of pampering and luxury, attained a *personal magnitude* that would have rendered him an ornament to the *Mansion-house*; but, alas! death is no respecter of greatness:—and poor *grimalkin*, like many a great personage before him, fell the victim of *luxury*.

The transfer of his dead body to the family poulterer was *yet* a mystery that remained to be expounded: and some slight suspicion began to arise, that even yet the deceased *grimalkin* had not fulfilled the noblest of his destinies, but was fated to make his appearance *full dressed* at some civic feast in the character of a *hare*, or *huge rabbit*, or cut a figure in some *Frenchified fricasee*, or *ragout*. But, not so: the body of *grimalkin* was consigned to the poulterer for the purpose of having his skin nicely taken off, and skilfully stuffed, as a precious monument of his person, for the closet of his grief-fraught mistress; and the promised *coffin*, to be sent on the morrow, was to receive the residue of his mortal remains, and convey them "*to the family vault of all the Capulets.*"

A GENUINE HIBERNIAN EPISTLE

FROM an Irishman who lately deserted his wife, an arrant scold and whiskey-bibber, whom he wished to believe him dead.

"*Mother O'Donnaghue!*

"Och! would the devil had flown away with Father Colooney ere he gave my honest name to such an infernal catamaran, and yoked us together

together for life. By the powers! you never would be *aisy* but when you kept scolding and brawling, and tippling and swilling the *dear crature* called whiskey, and be d——'d to you. So, to be sure, in spite of both you and the clumsy spalpeen of a brother of yours, I tipt you the double one dark night about three o'clock in the morning when it was moonlight, with all my clothes on my back, and the rest tied up in a new Barcelona, except the new coat which I meant to buy at our next fair.

"It will be in vain for you to attempt to find me out, *becase*, while I stay in London, I will never set my foot in Old Ireland, nor shall a living soul know what part of the world I reside in. You know very well that you swallowed more whiskey every day than you could get at, and got as drunk and dirty as the swine of any brewer in all Drogheda. The devil a bit did your d—'d shelelah of a tongue ever lie still while it kept wagging all day like the clapper of Barney M'Guire's corn mill.

"Faith and to be sure, it was a sad mortifying thing to be forced to *lave* one's native country willingly as I did; but whilst I was sailing over the mighty herring lake in a big wooden vehicle, toss'd about like a large tub in a flood, I could not help laughing at my own melancholy. Och! botheration and bad luck to all whores and rogues: for they have almost crack'd the heart-strings of poor Teddy O'Donnaghue. As I was walking this morning down Fleet-street, all alone by myself, along with a grate crowd of folks, who the devil should I meet but Paddy O'Callaghan. "And what are you thinking on?" says Paddy. "Nothing at all at all," says I. "Arrah then," says Paddy, "if you will be after *trating* me with a dram of whiskey, sure I can let you into a *grate sacret*, which the devil a living *crature* knows any thing about but myself and Mother Brady, and she heard it in a whiskey shop at Drogheda." "Sure and so I will," says I; and so in we popt, cheek by jowl, to a whiskey-draper's, myself before, and Paddy behind me. I ordered a drop of the dear *crature*, tipt off a *clane* empty glass full of it, and Paddy whipt down another. "Would you *belave* it?" says Paddy, as grave as an old bawd at a christening; "Mother O'Donnaghue and Father Colooney now live together at Drogheda quite snug and comfortable, like two pigs in a stye, fighting and scolding all day long, *becase* they can't agree." "Och! by the powers," says I, "and do they sleep together?" I cannot swear that," says Paddy, "but the devil a bed but one there's between them, and that's an old wooden sophy made of leather, without any stuffing." "By the holy poker," says I, "but I'm glad the strumpet has proved herself a whore at last." So as it was not quite convenient to stay any longer, we thought we might as well be after going; and as Paddy walked in *behind* me *before*, I thought but fair that he should walk out *first* at *last*; so we slipt away side by side, and quite forgot to pay the shot, that being the farthest thing from my mind, for the devil a brass farthing had either of us.

"Sure now, Mother O'Donnaghue, if you don't *lave* off your tricks and tippling whiskey with Father Colooney, 'pon my conscience your poor soul will be bartered to the Devil, and you'll never get through Purgatory without sticking fast in the middle of it.

"Och!

"Och! by the powers! I must not forget to tell you of the hair-breadth escape I had from being drowned on the dry land. When our *grate* wooden *convanience* had got safe into the harbour, it struck upon what they call a sand bank in the sea, and every mother's son of us, men, women, and children, including cows, bullocks, and pigs, were forced to jump *clane* upon the shore up to the necks in water, and were every soul saved except those that were drowned.

"Och! Mother O'Donnaghue! why wouldn't you be *aisy*, and not be after forcing poor Teddy to quit Old Ireland, for then he might have been still in the land of the living. Last night, just after the church clock had chimed one in the morning, and while I was bothering my brains over this letter, a terrible fire broke out in the very house where I now write this, which burnt the whole into coal cinders; and would you *belave* it? though I was only a lodger, every living crature was burnt to death, with your poor unfortunate Teddy amongst the rest. So you must not expect to hear any more from your late husband,

TEDDY O'DONNAGHUE.

P. S. If this letter should unfortunately miscarry, be sure to enquire for it at the Post-Office; but I fear they will not deliver it to you if it does not come to hand, and I wish you to hear of my unhappy death, *becase* it will do your heart good.

T. O'D.

MEMORY IN A HORSE.

ABOUT three years ago a gentleman of Bristol purchased a horse from the stables of Mr. Sadler; it was soon after stolen, and was not since heard of till lately. About a month ago, a horse, with a saddle or bridle, galloped into Mr. Sadler's stable, and forced his way into the very stall in which he had been formerly fed. The ostler recognised him, saying "that's the very horse that was stolen from Mr. M——." Immediately a boy pursued the horse, and said it had run away with him while he was driving it to water. This was literally the case, for on inquiry it was found that a gentleman had left it at his master's stables. The original purchaser was made acquainted with the circumstance, and the last owner stated that he had purchased it at Birmingham a year and half ago, had kept it in his possession ever since, and rode it to Bristol the preceding night. The horse was of course recovered by his legal owner.

STIRRUP IRONS.

Mr. Editor,

I Beg leave to propose to your numerous readers, and to makers in particular, what I believe to be the "something wanting" in this article; it is simply this:—let the sides of the ring come full to the inside at the bottom, or let the space between the bars at bottom come quite up to the sides, so as to leave no corners, as it is there the edge of the sole of the boot gets fast, and prevents the foot of an unhorsed man from slipping out. I have used a pair made as before directed, for some time, both on the road, and in the field, and have never found my foot in the least fast. I always ride with a full stirrup. The hussar stirrup, and all

others with no square corners, are equally safe, but not so pleasant for the feet, and objectionable for the singularity of the shape. The shape I recommend has been universally admired for its neatness. Any iron may be made to answer the purpose by filing the space at bottom, up to the sides. Should these plain hints meet an early insertion in your useful Magazine, you will much oblige your Correspondent,

READINENSIS.

Aug. 22, 1807.

POLITICAL JOCKEYSHIP.

IN THE FORM OF A LETTER.

To ——, Esq. Denmark-hill.

My Dear Friend,

I Have just received your letter, in which you affect to complain very grievously of my servants, because a few nights ago they broke open your stables, and took away all your horses. Your complaint is surely very unreasonable, and you must be convinced that it is so, when you see how calmly I can argue the matter with you. You cannot but know that there has been for some time a desperate gang of horse-stealers and house-breakers in your neighbourhood; and I had very good information (though I don't choose to say from whom) that they meant to steal your horses on the first opportunity. I thought, therefore, that the best thing I could do, was to be beforehand with them, because, had they been taken away by these fellows, you know, my good friend, they would by this time have been endeavouring to commit trespasses on my premises. As to your ostlers, stable-boys, and postillions, having been beat about the head by some of my men, it was all owing to their own obstinacy in pretending to stop up that narrow lane that leads to your house, and particularly in not opening the stable-doors the moment my people desired them, and I am sure they desired them to do so very civilly. The same obstinacy must account for a few stacks of hay having been burnt, some of your windows broken, and a cottage or two thrown down in the hurry of bringing things away.

You complain also, that we have taken away all the corn, hay, oats, and beans, all the water-troughs, and all the bridles, saddles, stirrups, &c. that we could find. But my dear Sir, be pleased to consider for a moment, of what use were these things when you had no horses? Had we left all these materials (of which, by the way, there is no such *vast* quantity,) the gang might have brought their own horses, and fed upon them, for I am told they are d—nably in want of good fodder. So that you see, my dear Sir, all I did was out of pure self-defence and friendship for you; for had these fellows come first, depend upon it they would have done just as I have.

And let me add, that if you will be but cool, and argue the matter calmly, you cannot, I am sure, be in the least offended at the trifling liberty I have taken in removing your horses. If the leader of the gang had got them, they might have been of some consequence to him, as he has lost a great many lately. But as for yourself, there they were in your stables, eating their heads off, as the saying is, and doing nothing to pay for their keep. Besides, you know, my dear friend,

that

that you never was a clever horseman, and your walking on foot will do just as well, while every body knows that riding is my *forte*.

With respect to what I have brought away, it is true I did not much want them, and now I have seen the poor beasts, I am surprised that I should ever have been afraid of whatever hands they might have fallen into; but then, my dear friend, this shews my disinterestedness. Between ourselves, they are but very so-so cattle—some of them old and broken-winded, and some seem to have got the spavin, and some the staggers; I would not give one of my racers for a dozen such; besides, I can spare very few boys to look after them, my own stud requiring all the hands I can procure. So that, my dear friend, if you think you have lost much, you may console yourself that I have gained little.

I own all this has the appearance of an unneighbourly action; but while the leader of the gang makes no scruple to do such things, I really don't see why I should not meet him in his own way. The beasts are safe with me now, and as soon as we can get the gang dispersed, I promise you shall have them all back, and every saddle, bridle, and bit, faithfully accounted for; that is to say, provided that you make no more work about this affair, and provided I hear no more of your intending to join the gang. Should any thing like this take place, only think of the consequences! Why, I shall never have it in my power to shew you such another proof of my friendship.

My respects to your wife and family, who, I hope, were not disturbed by this little *fraças*, and I remain,—Your's affectionately, &c.

Little Britain, Old ——

THE TWO PUGILISTS, KREUGAS AND DAMOXENOS.

THE two pugilists, Kreugas and Damoxenos, the work of Canova, the celebrated Italian sculptor, are superior in point of execution. Each stands on a different base, but they form essentially one group, because no object could be discovered in the disposition they affect, if they were separated. The history of these two combatants is related by Pausanias. Kreugas and Damoxenos had fought for a whole day without either of them being beaten; to decide the contest, they agreed that each should be at liberty to give his adversary a blow wherever he pleased. Kreugas discharged his on the head of Damoxenos, but without being able to knock him down. The latter, in his turn, required Kreugas to hold up his left arm; and struck him so violent a blow on the belly, which was stretched by this position, as to bury his fist in the entrails of his unfortunate antagonist, who died on the spot. The artist has taken the moment in which Kreugas has raised his arm to receive the blow which Damoxenos is preparing to give him; but it is obvious that the circumstance is not happily chosen, for Kreugas, who retains on his left hand the band employed by pugilists, seems rather to be the assailant, than the party assailed.

The artist has fallen into one principal error. From a wish to give his combatants members proportioned to the vigour which they announce, the muscles are frequently expressed with such strength, that they seem rather indicative of clumsiness than of power and agility.

Whatever faults may be discovered in this group, so much is certain,

tain, that in none has Canova been so successful in the heroic style, if that term may be applied to the conflict of two pugilists.

THE
FOX-HUNTER's DINNER.

THE company have now reached the mansion of *Lord Tantivy*; and while the dogs, returned to their kennel, and the steeds to their stalls, receive the merited reward of their exertions, the sportsmen sit down to a repast befitting the well-known hospitality of his Lordship.

The enviable keenness of their appetite, excited by the fresh air and exercise, precludes for a while every subject that does not contribute to the allay of their hunger. Even that which, till the moment of their sitting down to the table, had engrossed every idea, and could alone be suppressed by the unsuppressible calls of nature, finds vent only in broken sentences or exulting exclamations, till the first course is removed; the conversation then grows more extended.

Particular circumstances relative to the chase are recounted during the exchange of a plate, or the interval of an *hob* or *nob*. They are, however, stilled by the intervention of the wing of a wild-duck, or of a tart, custard, or, whip syllabub; so that it is not till dinner is ended, and the bottles, bowls, and glasses, are placed on the table, that the favourite topic is discussed. Now every minute incident is told and re-told—one boasts that his horse had cleared a gate of unusual height, with more ease than the common run of hunters would have gone over a stile.—Another had taken a flying leap over a rivulet of greater extent than ever was cleared before—a third had left the whole field behind him. Nor are the exploits of the fox left uncelebrated; his speed, his evasions, and his artifices, are described in glowing colours. In this manner they proceed, till, growing warm with the animating subject, each *bores* the other with his tale, and at length a kind of *Babellian* confusion takes place, in which there is no intermission, except when the noble chairman vociferates "Where stands the toast, gentlemen?"

All the toasts usually drank at a meeting of fox-hunters had been given; it remained only to repeat that which the highest exhilaration of spirits alone could do justice to. The brush of the animal who had furnished out the sport of the day, is again displayed—an extreme of joy now takes place. My Lord exalts the appropriated goblet, in which the brushy trophy of their success waves; every glass charged to the brim, is held up as high as the arm will extend, and the toast "Success to Fox-hunting," is given amidst a tripple peal of shouts and acclamations, which reverberate from every neighbouring wood and hill.—Not an oblation made by the priests of the jolly god would be performed with more ceremony, or inspire greater satisfaction.

Among the group are some who enter in a distinguished manner into the jollity of the occasion. The reverend dean, true to the rubric, had done so much honour to his patron, and to the sport, that he was unable to rise himself from his seat during the elevation of the brush, though the etiquette requires that all shall stand; his acclamations, however, were not less

less fervent, nor his shouts less vociferous, than those of the rest of the company.

Another, overset by the potency of the punch, lies sprawling on the floor; but notwithstanding his prostrate position, he takes care to preserve enough of the potent mixture in his glass, to do justice to the toast, and to demonstrate his zeal for the cause.

An indescribable scene of riot, noise, and confusion, from this time takes place, which midnight scarcely puts a stop to. The jolliest sportsmen, as well as the *dearest friends*, must part. Some mount their horses, and, trusting more to the sagacity of their beasts than their own steerage, find their way home, in spite of darkness and intricacy; while such as choose to stay, meet with a cordial welcome from the noble proprietor of the mansion. B.

Nov. 4th.

THE DOG'S FIRST SIGHT OF HIMSELF;

OR,

REMARKS ON CANINE AFFECTIONS.

With an Engraving (given in our last Number).

Mr. Editor,

THE observations I have frequently made on animal nature lead me to affirm, that there is not one predominating principle in the human body that does not belong to the canine quadruped; and that all the workings of his mind are as conspicuously described by the actions of his body, as are those movements within ourselves, called the passions or affections of the human soul. As well as the virtues, the dog, then, possesses the vices, in common with his master; Love, Base Fears, Jealousy, Fidelity, Gratitude, Sagacity, Coveteousness, &c. &c. belong to him, as I shall presently shew by the few examples that may present themselves to my recollection; and the first is

COVETEOUSNESS.

Æsopus, the Phrygian philosopher, has described the evil affection of coveteousness in the dog, though in the dress of fable, in a very interesting manner, and has wound up his subject with a divine moral. A dog (says Æsop) had taken a piece of flesh, and as he passed over a brook, beheld his own image reflected in the clear water below, when, coveting the fac-simile in the mouth of his resemblance, he worked himself into a fit of rage, and snapping at the tempting shadow, the coveteous fool lost the substance.

FIDELITY,

In a very ample degree, has long been acknowledged to be one of the graces of his mind. A circumstance occurred in the year 1789, which will at once shew his faithfulness and sagacity, and how valuable this creature must be wherever he forms his attachments.

During a severe storm, a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the Captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain endeavoured to take the book from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which in all probability was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped, and fawning against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, de-

livered

livered to him the pocket-book.—The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for whatever came from the wrecked vessel, seizing every thing floating in his way, and endeavoured with all his strength to bring it to land.

HIS PRESCIENCE,

Or strength of observation, has sometimes been observed, to the great admiration of the thinking part of mankind; but in no respect has it been shewn more conspicuously than in the preservation of the celebrated Sir Henry Lee. This gentleman had for several years a mastiff about the house, of whom he took very little notice. Two of the Knight's servants had conspired to murder their master, to rob the mansion, and to make their escape with the property. To effect this villainy with as little alarm as possible, one of the rogues secreted himself under Sir Henry's bed.—The master coming home at a late hour, was making to the door of his sleeping chamber, where he found his entrance opposed in a surly way by this faithful creature, insomuch that Sir Henry was surprised, and determined to enquire out the cause: to that end, the servants were all called together, when, on opening the room door, the dog flew under the bed, and seizing the concealed villain, forced him to come forth: upon his knees he confessed his foul intention, described his accomplice, and they were both given up to the powers of justice. A remembrance of this fact is still preserved by a picture in the family, where the Knight is described at full length, with his hand on the head of his preserver, and some very appropriate lines in gold letters directly under the portraiture of the mastiff. Surely here is something more than instinct—we are forbid to call it reason: what, then, can we call it less than prescience?

RAGE

I have seen exemplified in the dog in a manner most dreadful.—A poor woman of St. James's-back, Bristol, had the care of a prime dog, for whose keep she received a weekly pay, with the strongest injunction to defend it on all occasions. The dog was of the most surly temper, and the terror of the neighbourhood where he was fostered, attacking, when at liberty, every creature of his own species that unfortunately came in his way. At length meeting with his match, the poor woman endeavoured to separate the combatants, when the savage monster turned on his protectress, tore the flesh to the bones from her arms, and but for the interposition of the inhabitants, had destroyed her. Mr. Somervile, in his poem of the Chase, has described the effects of canine rage with the greatest correctness, and though the picture be of a sanguine complexion, it cannot fail to be pleasing to the sportsman that delights in harmonious descriptions.

"But here, with watchful and observant eye,
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip; and, with a voice
Fierce-menacing, o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues; growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats; with teeth and claws in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till, on the ground,

Panting,

Panting, half dead, the conquer'd champion lies."

LOVE,

Another of the canine affections, has been beautifully delineated by Mr. Morland, in his picture of the three dogs called "Courtship," in possession of —— Steers, Esq. of the Temple.

The spirit of the principal dog (a terrier) in addressing his favourite, is admirable, and the fire of the eye is so well expressed, that it equals every thing on the canvas.—The late Mr. Barry (and it was not common for that gentleman to compliment) observed, upon looking at this picture, that Morland had put a soul into this brute beyond the power of Snyder, and had he painted no other picture, this was sufficient to establish his fame both as a naturalist and a fine artist.

Some sacred impulse taught the frame to move,
While ev'ry feature spoke aloud—'twas Love.

Among the canine affections,

JEALOUSY

must not be forgot; a passion, however, that seldom makes its appearance with the nobler parts of the genus, and is only found to predominate with that beautiful little species best known by the name of *King Charles's breed*, always a favourite with the ladies, and indulged by our fair friends with too great a portion of their affections.

Mr. Russell, crayon painter to his Majesty, possessed a dog of this kind, and so jealous was he of his young master's caresses, that whenever Tray beheld them bestowed by little Charles upon any other domestic quadruped of the family, he would fly with the utmost impetuosity at the favoured object, nor could he be pacified until the cause of his resentment was removed. It was this jealous affection that once induced young Charles to shew Tray his own image in the mirror, while with the other hand he stroked the silken coat of his irrascible favourite. The reflected action, as was expected, provoked once more the spirit of jealousy, till the dog flew at his own resemblance in the glass, and with such violence, that it was thrown to the ground and broken. It was on this occasion Mr. Russell employed his genius, and produced the fine picture from which (by permission) the engraving in our Magazine of last month was taken; and we doubt not that every lover of the fine arts, and every sportsman whose taste leads him to investigate the affections of animal nature, was gratified with the execution. N.

TIME'S A TELL-TALE.

DRURY LANE.

THIS new Comedy, which has lately attracted such considerable audiences, was performed for the first time on Tuesday, the 27th ult. and is the avowed production of Mr. Henry Siddons.—That it is neither deficient in language, sentiment, or scenery, the account which follows, and the extract that concludes, will sufficiently evince: the scene of this piece is laid at a village in Surrey, and the Dramatis Personæ is as follows:—

Sir David Delmar, Mr. Raymond.
Blandford, ... Mr. Elliston.
Mr. Query, ... Mr. Mathews.
Hardacre, ... Mr. Dowton.
Philip Hardacre, .. Mr. De Camp.
Record, ... Mr. Palmer.

Sir Arthur Tessel, Mr. Russell.
William, ... Mr. Fisher.
M'Gregor, ... Mr. Maddocks.
Lady Delmar, ... Miss Mellon.
Zelidy, ... Mrs. H. Siddons.
Miss Venusia, ... Mrs. Sparks.
Olivia Wyndham, Miss Duncan.

The following is a sketch of the plot:—

Sir David Delmar has quarrelled with his sister, and abandoned her and her husband on account of family pride; he afterwards marries himself, and is involved in many difficulties, from which he is at last relieved by the generosity of a neighbouring farmer, with whom he has had many previous disputes; the Baronet suspecting his humble neighbour of an intention of marrying his son to a rich young lady, who has been left under their joint guardianship. Blandford, nephew of Sir David, has taken many strong resolutions against matrimony, and resists the importunities of his uncle, who, (eager to secure the fortune of Olivia to the family) strongly presses him to marry her, but the gallant sailor is devoted to Zelidy, an orphan he has mysteriously rescued in childhood. Blandford, detecting the villainous designs of Sir Arthur Tessel, a profligate man of fashion, against the Farmer's son, his rival with Olivia, the old Farmer makes him acquainted with his story, by which it appears, that he is the abandoned husband of Sir David's sister, and that the child which Blandford had preserved was his own. After this discovery, the Farmer waits on Sir David, and, enforcing the moral duty of returning good for evil, the divided relatives are united in a family bond; Blandford marrying the orphan Zelidy, while Philip is united to Olivia, Sir David's ward.

The principal character, Captain Blandford, the Naval Benedict, has found an able representative in Mr. Elliston; his resolution against marriage, contracted in a course of eight years of seafaring life, was, however, overset, by the sweet simplicity of a girl, whom he has saved from savages in a West-Indian insurrection. This young Lady (Zelidy) is represented by Mrs. H. Siddons, whose exertions in her husband's play are as powerful, as they are interesting. The principal comic character, which excited great mirth, was very humourously performed by Matthews; and Dowton, in a most affecting scene, at the end of the fourth act, participated with Elliston in the universal and continued plaudits of the whole audience. In short, the play was from the first received throughout with the most flattering approbation, and has been repeated with unabated applause.

Instead of a regular extract, we present our readers with a few unconnected paragraphs from this comedy; viz.

MEN OF LEISURE.

Record.—Sir Arthur is what is called a man of leisure. *(sneering.)*

Sir David. What do you mean?

Record. I mean that your *men of leisure* do many things, that would startle a plain, drudging, plodding fellow like myself. The town is full of 'em. It is men of leisure fill the card-table and the gaming-table.—*Leisure* sends the senator to the horse-race, and the peer to the boxing-ring; the daughters of industry are *seduced by the men of leisure*; the sons of plain citizens are corrupted by men of leisure; and it is high time for you, my master, to exert yourself and give a proof, that spite of the prevalence of idleness and fashion, the *commercial* genius of *this country* shall

shall never be crushed by the vices, follies, and debaucheries of *men of leisure.*

NONSENSE.

Sir Arthur. Most of our fashionable conversationes in London, are composed of those who talk nonsense, and nothing *but* nonsense. We take our *degrees,* and have our regular professors of the art. We have for instance, the scandalous nonsense, the slip-slop nonsense, and the philosophical nonsense.

Sir David. How—the philosophical nonsense?

Sir Arthur. Yes, Sir David; nothing can be more simple; the philosophical nonsense merely consists in *doubting* every thing. Trying to comprehend a system we find we cannot account for—the growth of a flower—what *we* don't understand we never admit possible—and so begin again, philosophising and *philosophising* in an agreeable see-saw of continual doubt and metaphysical uncertainty, till we are able at last to dispute the self-evident proposition of our own existence, and this is the true "darkness visible" which modern illuminés would wish to spread over our fashionable horison.

GENEROSITY.

Sir David. I say, *if* you saw me surrounded by perils, encumbered by difficulties, would—would you not do *somewhat* to relieve me?

Blandford. The question hurts me. My element is a rough one, I own, but I never saw the *sinking enemy* to whom I would not stretch a helping hand; the *friend* who doubts me then, affronts my feelings as a *man,* a sailor, and a christian.

HONOUR.

Sir David. I have cause to imagine the poor girl loves you, and you are bound in honour——

Blandford. *Not to deceive her.* No, uncle, no! The scoundrel that, beneath *false colours,* captures a weaker vessel than his own, is a robber and a pirate, a villain, and a coward. What should I be if, professing to love *no* woman, I cheated *any,* with a hand without a heart.

Sir David. Hear me, George—

Blandford. No, uncle, try me any way but this. If I wrong a man he calls me to account; and none but a dastard will wound that sex, who have our own sensibilities to feel an injury, *though they may not have* the same *strength* to resent it.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Record. Colonel Wyndham was rich—If you *served* him, how comes it that he left you none of his wealth?

Hardacre. I am an *oddity* I tell you, he *knew* I *was* so; he knew likewise that the services the heart renders, the *heart* and not the *hand* must repay—money can buy many things—but the *friend* that *money* can buy is hardly worth the purchasing.

REFINED SENSIBILITY.

Blandford to Zelidy. Here, here is some worthless ballast, of which it will be kind to lighten me. [*offers money.*

Zelidy. Ah no! no! no! you hurt, you distress me. I have hitherto received your bounties in silence and without a blush—should they assume a pecuniary form, I could no longer accept them with other sensations than those of sorrow and uneasiness.

Blandford. Rather than so, may every guinea I possess be buried in the ocean where I earned it. I now find that to *give* is in the power of every stupid fellow—to give *properly* is a science—and we sailors generally understand the *liberal* arts much better than the *fine* ones.

THE BUSY BODY—ANSWERED.

Query. Alway make myself *useful.* Any thing *lost,* I enquire—any reports going abroad; I enquire—any news stirring; I enquire—thus by little and little, I gather like a snow-ball; every body is glad to employ me, every body is glad to see me; and useful Ned Query can make his way into a drawing-room, nine times out of ten, when a poor poet, a celebrated general, or a man of family, is told, not at home, for *four-and-twenty times together.*

Blandford. Indeed! then I'm heartily glad, Ned, that it has been my good fortune to spend so much of my time at sea.

Query. Why so?

Blandford. Because, I should be sorry to see noise and impudence admitted to any house where genius, worth, and virtue, were kept waiting at the door.

COXCOMBS.

Sir Arthur. Oh no! no affront; I do quiz her a little to be sure, its a way we have in London.

Olivia. I know it, worthy Baronet, I know it. Quiz is an elegant term, which supplies, in your vain ideas, those superior qualifications you only ridicule because you cannot imitate.

Sir Arthur. Hold! hold! my dear Miss Wyndham, if you put on the armour of Minerva, I shall never venture to attack you.

Olivia. Nay, be not afraid, Sir Arthur, a choice spirit like yourself should never be alarmed at any thing; I have observed your whole fraternity in London, have waited hours in patient expectation of their lively sallies, and found them languid when not noisy, saying any thing for the mere purpose of saying any thing, and eager to gain the applauses of coxcombs, empty as themselves, though on such terms as would cover an honest man with confusion, or a delicate woman with blushes.—Oh fie! fie! Sir Arthur!

HOW TO PAY DEBTS WITHOUT MONEY.

Sir Arthur. Sir David tells me, that spite of the brilliant figure he has so long been making, he is worried to death by the demands of creditors—Strange! psha! not at all so, the thing is *common* enough in every circle in London, and were none *there* to ride in their own carriages but those who have paid for them, we might lounge down *Bond-street* with as much ease and as little difficulty, as we stroll through a church-yard in a country village.

Record. If you would encharge me with the money, sir, it would save much trouble.

Sir Arthur. Money! oh! never mind the money, my dear fellow; with us men of fashion, money is *neither here nor there.* When the creditors call, only let me know, and FLATTERY's the word. You shall hear me praise the colouring of the painter, till instead of payment, he begs me to sit for the Exhibition; and tickle the wine-merchant over a bottle of his *own Champagne,* till he forgets what he came for, and begs a *fresh order,* with a bow down to the ground. This is the London style of living, my

my old boy, and without it, we have a number of very dashing fellows who *would not know how to live at all.*

Record. I am astonished!

Sir Arthur. Are you? that's a sign you know very little of high life, then; any stupid fellow can manage these matters *with* money; the real art of the business is to settle them without it; only send them to me, and you shall see me put my theory in practice.

TOO FRIENDLY BY HALF.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS new Farce, which was brought out on Thursday, the 29th ult. possesses a considerable portion of comic humour, and is interspersed with several happy incidents. Sir Matthew Meddle (Mr. Munden), who is anxious to give his advice to every body, endeavours to marry his nephew to Lady Wrangle (Mrs. Mattocks), while his nephew supposes he is to address her on account of his uncle. On this blunder the plot chiefly turns.—Munden and Mrs. Mattocks performed these two parts excellently, and the piece has been received with unbounded approbation.

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

COVENT GARDEN.

A New Opera was brought forward at this Theatre, on Tuesday night, the 17th instant, under the title of *Two Faces under a Hood.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marquis Raimondi	Mr. Bellamy.
Count Ignacio	Mr. Jones.
Don Sebastian	Mr. Incledon.
Brazilio	Mr. Farley.
Martinique	Mr. Fawcett.
Governor	Mr. Thompson.
Jeronimo	Mr. Simmons.
Frederico	Mr. Taylor.
Hector	Mr. Liston.
Serjeant	Mr. King.
Lady Abbess	Mrs. Davenport.
Marchioness Raimondi	Mrs. Dibdin.
Claudine	Mrs. Dickons.
Donna Antonia	Miss Bolton.
Ursula	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Agatha	Mrs. Liston.

FABLE.

The Marquis Raimondi, having dissipated his fortune, resigns his nobility, and quits his country to retrieve himself by commerce, leaving Claudine, his only daughter, to be educated by a female relation, who conceals from the young lady her real rank. While supposing herself the daughter of a cottager, Claudine is addressed by Ignacio, a young officer, but the arts of Frederico, his rival, create a quarrel between the lovers. Ignacio joins his regiment abroad; Claudine, on the death of her relation, is sent to board in a convent, and all correspondence between her and Ignacio ceases.

Four years are supposed to have elapsed (at the opening of the piece) since the separation of the lovers, at which time the Marquis Raimondi returns from his commercial speculations with a fortune which enables him to resume his rank; Claudine is made acquainted with her birth, and quits the convent for her father's palace.—A day is set apart for the ceremony of the Marquis's public re-investiture and admission to his former honours, on which day Ignacio arrives from abroad, sees Claudine among the assembly, but, imposed on

on by the brilliancy of her habit, and the alterations and improvements which four years of absence have effected, he does not suppose her the same lady, though he is forcibly struck with her resemblance to his favourite cottager.

Claudine takes advantage of her situation, and, with the assistance of Ursula, her waiting-maid, alternately appears to him as the young Marchioness and the simple cottager, endeavours to attract him in each character, and has the satisfaction of proving at last that his love is disinterested, and that he prefers the poor Claudine to the rich heiress. Connected with the foregoing story are the loves of Antonia and Sebastian, who are friends of Ignacio and Claudine.

The characters of Martinique, Brazilio, Hector, and Ursula, furnish the materials for a minor plot. Hector and Ursula are cousins, whose uncle has left them a large sum of money on condition they marry together: to this arrangement they are equally averse, but the avarice of Hector determines him to comply with it, and enjoy the whole legacy, rather than divide it with Ursula; by a trick of Brazilio's, however, he is enlisted for a soldier, and the fair division of the legacy is the condition on which he is released.—Martinique is the attendant of Ignacio, who, before he sees Claudine at the assembly, sends him in quest of her to her former cottage residence; but Martinique having been let into the secret, that the young Marchioness is the very lady to whom he is sent, remains concealed, and joins his sweetheart Ursula to aid her lady in the innocent deception practised on the Count.

Jeronimo is an old civil officer of the city, who assumes to be deaf or blind, as his convenience suits; and Frederico is a sea captain, who, having been formerly Ignacio's rival with Claudine, and seeing her again in her cottage habit, lays a plan to carry her off, and by rousing Ignacio to rescue her, hastens his decision, and thus gives him an opportunity of proving himself worthy of her. The piece then concludes with the triple union of Ignacio and Claudine, Antonia and Sebastian, Ursula and Martinique.

The author of the Opera is Mr. T. Dibdin; and, as a dramatic performance, it has considerable merit.

The music is by the modest and ingenious Shield, whose chief aim has been simplicity, and to render his composition pure English melody, uncontaminated by the meretricious aid of foreign graces, and the elaborate cadences of the Italian school. The music is certainly entitled to the highest praise. Incledon's first bravura song is a grand and masterly composition, and was sung with great power and effect.

The Opera has been prepared for representation in a manner highly creditable to the Theatre.—The scenery is picturesque and beautiful, and the dresses tasteful, costly, and magnificent.

It may have been observed, that notwithstanding there are no characters, properly so called, in which a general humour was exhibited in action, Liston, however, was, as usual, a simpleton; Fawcett a jolly droll; and Simmons a town-crier; but none of them had any effect.

The house was crowded in every part to an overflow. The piece has undergone considerable curtailment, and has since been performed with increased effect and approbation. The singing of Mrs. Dickons is but little inferior to that of Mrs. Billington and Catalani.

ELLA.

ELLA ROSENBERG.

DRURY LANE.

A New After-piece, under the above title, was performed for the first time on Thursday, the 20th. The following are the characters:

Captain Storm	Mr. Bannister.
Montfort	Mr. De Camp.
Elector of Brandenburg	Mr. Raymond.
Count Rosenberg	Mr. Elliston.
Burgomaster	Mr. Mathews.
Ernestena	Miss Ray.
Ella Rosenberg	Mrs. H. Siddons.

The chief points contained in the plot were as follow:—Count Rosenberg has a handsome wife, with whom Montfort, the favourite of the Elector, falls in love, and contrives to throw her husband into a secret imprisonment. Ella Rosenberg flies from his persecution into the house of Captain Storm, where Montfort finds her, and being resisted and struck by Storm, brings him to a Court-martial, by whom he is condemned to die. In the mean time the Elector, who has received a formal petition from Storm with respect to Ella Rosenberg, assumes a disguise, and leaves his tent secretly with the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the story. Rosenberg, escaping from the prison, is met by the Elector, and informed by him of the persecution of Montfort. Ella Rosenberg likewise escapes the soldiers who had seized her, and flies to the house of the Borgomaster, whither the Elector had directed her husband. Montfort, a short time afterwards, comes to the same rendezvous, and is followed by the Elector in disguise. The parties being together, the *denouement* follows of course. The Elector throws off his disguise in a critical minute, Rosenberg is restored to favour, and Montfort imprisoned in his stead.

The piece was favourably received. Mr. Kenny, the author of *Raising the Wind*, is said to be the writer.

QUALIFICATIONS OF PROFESSIONAL GAMESTERS.

THIS class of gentry (for so they look upon themselves) depend for their livelihood on being admitted into the higher ranks, therefore they must dress well, and appear to have money at command, which is supplied according to the occasion by the *society* (as the gang of them is called). Another essential requisite is a perfect command of themselves; that is to say, they must never let *self* appear; they must seem affable and well bred; submissive, but not servile; and to cover their dark designs, must feign an ingenuous air, a frank disposition, and an open manner, with the ease and varnish of fashionable life; they must possess quick and lively parts, and strong discernment to scent their prey. Such are the *spaniels* who spring the woodcocks (country gentlemen who abound in *woods* and other varieties of the *terra firma*, or their equivalent in cash), and they hunt the coffee-houses to drive the game towards the *sportsmen*, who bring them down by more murderous weapons than a gun, powder, and shot; that is to say, by queus, maces, balls, dice, cards, and the two vowels E. and O. These sportsmen never fire in haste, but suffer the birds to imagine they are beyond reach;

reach; when, losing their caution, and flying off, not so much at right angles, they take their aim coolly, and seldom miss *feathering* the bird, if they do not kill it outright. These latter must be possessed of so much knowledge of the art, besides hitting the game when sprung, as will be sufficient to discover a *young* bird from an *old* one. They must maintain a stoical apathy and calmness even amidst a series of ill-luck, and a never-failing presence of mind to turn every event to their own advantage.

THORNVILLE ROYAL;

With an engraved View of the Mansion.

IN a former Number of our Magazine, we gave an account of this magnificent mansion, but which account was not wholly correct. It stated that the estate had been sold to Lord Stourton, but had reverted back to Col. Thornton: this was not the fact; the house and part of the estate are now the property of Lord Stourton, but a considerable portion of the domain still remains the property of Colonel Thornton.

With respect to the mansion itself, it stands on an eminence at the entrance of the park, and possesses every accommodation that can be wished; it contains several suites of apartments of extensive dimensions, which are chiefly ornamented with sporting paintings of great celebrity. The library is particularly worthy of remark, as it contains many curiosities, among others, of a sporting nature.

The park is beautiful and extensive, well wooded and watered, and contains two fine lakes, called the upper and the lower lake. It is well stocked with deer, and is embellished with an elegant structure of stone, denominated the Temple of Victory; being situated on an eminence, it commands an extensive view over the park and adjacent country.

The dog-kennel, erected at a short distance from the house, is very commodious. The stables are extensive, and furnished with every necessary convenience.

Thornville has other out-buildings necessary for an establishment of that description, among which the hawk-houses are particularly worthy of notice.—They form a convenient structure, purposely erected for the accommodation of those birds, the late proprietor having for many years followed the sport of hawking with extraordinary enthusiasm.

PUGILISTIC EPISTLE.

Mr. Editor,

FOR I suppose that is your name, as every one calls you by it, you see I write a very *bad hand*, and I am therefore rather *shy* in setting my *fist* to paper; indeed till now, I have only been used to make my *mark*. However, I have ventured to *set-to*; yet you will find me very soon *give in*, for I am not a *long-winded* writer. I have not *taste* for long epistles, although some of your correspondents seem to be *gluttons* in that way, by which means, I think, they often *close the eyes* of your readers.

All I want is, to see some *knock-down* arguments to prove, that it is better to decide quarrels by *boxing*, than by *fighting duels*.

Wellclose-square. DUTCH SAM.

Thornville Royal, Yorkshire.

FEAST OF WIT.

WHILE Dr. Johnson was in Scotland, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, supposed to command the most extensive view in the country.—"Well, Sir," said the guide, "what do you think of this prospect?" "By much the finest in all Scotland," said the Doctor, "*for I can here see the road to England.*"

AT a race in the North of Ireland, some time ago, among other horses, one called Botheram started for the plate.—An Irishman, taking a fancy to the name, betted large odds in his favour.—Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite was unluckily far behind, when he exclaimed, "Ah, By J—s! there he is! Botheram for ever.—See how he drives them all before him."

A FELLOW being lately taken up in the city for stealing *brooms*, begged, by all means, of the officer who had him in custody, not to take him before Alderman *Birch*.

THE following is an exact copy of a written notice, posted upon the door of a village coffee-house, (a blacksmith's shop) in the neighbourhood, of the *west*,—in which direction (some suppose) the *sciences* have been gradually travelling for a long time:—

"Bowerhous Sportens.—To Be heald at —— on —— A Purse of Goold to Run for by Dogs not less than 3 half Guinees; and a half Guine Hat to Run for By Men. A Belt to be Ruffeled for. a pare of gluves to gump for and 5 Shillings to Run far in Sacks; and Different Other Sportens to Tidaus to Menchane: the Dogs to Start persistly at 3 a Clok—W. G.—I. M.—Stuards."

A GENTLEMAN complained to his friend, who had given him a pointer, that he had done no *mischief*, and could be of no value. Meeting the same person again a few days after, he told him he believed the dog would turn a good one at last! "How so? it was but the other day you said he was good for nothing."—"True, but he has killed *nineteen turkeys* since that."

A GENTLEMAN, who never hunts, being on a visit to a friend in the country, who hunts a great deal, frequently heard him talk of Bag-Foxes. As he was unwilling to betray his ignorance, his discretion and curiosity kept him for some time in suspense, till at last he could not refrain from asking, "What kind of an animal a Bag-Fox was; and if it was not a species of fox peculiar to that country!"

A FARMER in Herefordshire, lately applied to the parson of the parish to dissolve his marriage.—"On what ground?" said the clergyman. "Why, Sir, (said the rustic) my attorney states that *all contracts* made on *Sundays are void*, and you know you married me on that day!"

A SAPIENT country gentleman, in giving orders to a bookseller to furnish his library, after particularly requesting

requesting to have Pope, Milton, and Shakspeare, added, "*If those fellows publish any thing new, don't forget to let me have them.*"

A GENTLEMAN, not far distant from Glasgow, who prized himself much in dissecting a fowl, was invited to dine with a party, who took care to have a hen, the joints of which had, in the course of years, been well united. Being desired to perform his favourite part, he very readily consented; but, after a full display of his abilities, in which he divided the *dish*, and shared the *gravy* between himself and neighbours, he was constrained to give up the contest, protesting, *he believed it was the mother of the Cock that crew to Peter!*

A WEST-INDIAN Captain, relating to a gentleman the cause of the teeth of the Indians being so white, said, "it was owing to having a *chaw-stick* (or a piece of sugar cane) continually in their mouths, and at every leisure rubbing their teeth therewith." A young man, overhearing, mistook the words *chaw-stick* for *caustic*, of which he sent for a small quantity, and rubbed his teeth with it—the reader will easily imagine the result of his labours.

A GENTLEMAN, in passing over at Charing-cross, was applied to by a man, who sweeps the crossings, for charity. The gentleman replied, "I am going a little farther, and will remember you when I return." "Please your honour," says the man, "it is unknown the *credit I give in this way!*"

A PERSON looking at some fine *green* baize (serge), observed, it was what they used to make the *blue*-coat-boys' clothes of."

A YOUNG lady in one of the western counties, who had been insulted by an old maid in the neighbourhood, by way of revenge, placarded the following lines on her door and windows one night:—

To be let, or be sold, for the term of her life,
Elizabeth Hall—by the way of a wife;
She's old and she's ugly—ill-natur'd and thin;—
For further particulars—enquire within.

SEVERAL smugglers were committed to Bodmin gaol, lately, and whilst they were loading with irons, one of the party, pretending a great deal of *sang froid*, said to the turnkey, "Well, I have seen enough of this, so I'll be gone home." The turnkey, supposing him a mere spectator, who had been induced by curiosity to come in to see the *gieves* put on the prisoners, opened the gate, and the smuggler quietly walked off, silently rejoicing in the success of his scheme. Those who admire the ingenuity of the man, will be sorry to hear that one of his fraternity, with whom he had taken shelter, forfeited the rights of hospitality, and surrendered him again.

AN ingenious foreigner, who seems to have paid some attention to the internal accommodations of our country, thus aptly describes the life of a stage-coachman:—"The coachman seems to know every body along the road: he drops a parcel at one door, nods to a woman at another, delivers a message to a third, and stops at a fourth to receive a glass of spirits, or a cup of ale, which has been filled for him as soon as the sound of his wheels

wheels is heard. In fact, he lives upon the road, and is at home most when upon his coach-box."

The Bishop of Chester paid a visit to a man of rank, who, instead of the compliments expected by the Prelate, said, "My Lord, I have the greatest veneration for—the *cheese* made in your diocese."

A gentleman, seeing a man in the stocks, observed to him, that he thought he had got an *airy* situation; the man, in a sulky tone, replied, that if he was there, he would call it a *confined* one.

Orthography.—A gentleman who resides near Truro, having some time since occasion to visit *Hayle*, hired a *horse* and *gig* of a man, more distinguished for his honest simplicity than his literary attainments: but what was the gentleman's astonishment, a few days after, to receive a bill, in which he was made Debtor as follows:—

"To a *hearse* and *jig* to *hell*:..L.0 12 0."

It is observed, that a love-sick pair, in their flight to Gretna Green, lodged at the *Angel*, and on their return at the *Bunch of Rue*.

A constant frequenter of city feasts having grown enormously fat, it was proposed to write on his back, "Widened at the expence of the Corporation of London."

A jobbing carpenter, employed by a gentleman at his country residence, in hanging some garden gates, with his apprentice and journeyman assisting him, sent in to his employer, in his bill, the following curious *item*:—"To *hanging self, prentice*, and *journeyman*, one day and a half, fourteen shillings and sixpence."

An Executioner is just now wanted in the town of Perth, in Scotland: according to the public advertisement, he must be a man of a good *moral character*, and *none* else need apply!

A quizzing buck, desirous to display his wit, and embarrass a relation just come out of the country, presented him to a fashionable party in the following manner:—"This is my cousin, and, I can assure you, he is not so *foolish* as he *appears* to be." "No," retorted the rustic, "and that is the precise *difference* between *him* and *me*."

A dealer in old iron, on being very closely cross-examined by a certain Barrister, pettishly observed, that a man might deal in iron as well as *brass*, without being a thief!

A celebrated preacher preached a sermon at a city in the west of England, on humility. A day or two after, he received an anonymous letter, asking how *he* could preach about humility, who rode about in his own carriage. On the ensuing Sunday the preacher produced the letter, and read it to his congregation,—"Now," said he, "I keep a carriage because it enables me to preach two sermons where otherwise I could preach but one, and visit three sick persons where otherwise I could visit but two. If this reason, however, does not satisfy my correspondent, who I hope is present, I beg to tell him, that I have an old saddle and bridle at home, and if any of my hearers will accommo-

 modate

modate me with an ass, I will send them to the worthy gentleman, and *he shall have a ride too.*"

A PREACHER of uncommon celebrity for his vociferation, was one day preaching a sermon for an infirmary, and to effect his purpose observed, that "no man could possibly be prevented from bestowing liberally but by distressed circumstances. Whoever, therefore, (he added) shrinks from his duty on this occasion, must be inevitably concluded to be *in debt.*" The consequence was, a plentiful contribution.

Another time, being employed in a similar case, "Methink (said he) I hear some of you excuse yourselves, by alledging the sums you intend to bequeath to charitable institutions at your *death.* I am glad to hear it, but in the mean time the poor must not starve in expectation of your liberality; and we shall think ourselves in duty bound to offer up our most devout supplications to the Father of Mercies, that he would be pleased, as soon as possible, *to take you to himself* for *their* benefit." The audience were terrified into charity, and the effect was answerable to the most sanguine wishes of the preacher.

IN Cheapside, near St. Paul's, adjoining the Old Change, lives Mr. *Penny*, a glover; his next-door neighbour is Mr. *Farthing*, a goldsmith; from this circumstance, that part of Cheapside is known to many persons by the name of *Five-Farthing Row.*

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

"*To the Fair and Wealthy.*—The pursuits of agriculture having greatly occupied the time of four young farmers, they are under the necessity of availing themselves of the present method of introducing themselves to the notice of the ladies. The advertisers are neither exceptionable in point of appearance or circumstances, and each residing on productive farms, in a respectable and picturesque part of Kent; and a bachelor's life having become irksome, added to the near approach of winter, render it both desirous and necessary to meet with an agreeable and useful companion, both wealthy and of comely appearance, to superintend their domestic concerns, and dissipate the *ennui* of long evenings.

"Letters addressed to X. Y. Post-Office, Sandwich, post paid, will be attended to——all others returned."

"*Wants a Wife.* A young man of genteel connexions and good fortune, residing in the University of Oxford, being desirous to provide himself with an amiable partner for life, takes this opportunity to solicit the fair hand of a young and beautiful girl, who has not exceeded the age of 21. Personal accomplishments will be requisite—fortune is no object.

"Any young lady, who is willing to accept this invitation, will be pleased to direct a line, post paid, to A. B. C. Herald Office, Oxford, when every other necessary arrangement will be made.

"The late indisposition of Mr. A. B. C. has hitherto unfortunately prevented him from attending to the letters of his female friends; but if they will honour him again with their communications, no consideration shall allow him to wave the pleasure of giving due encouragement to their favours."

SET

MOTIONS FOR NEW TRIALS.

SETTING OF TRAPS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, NOV. 7.

Rev. Robert Townsend *v.* Paul Watham.

THIS cause was tried before the Chief Baron, at the Gloucester Assizes, and a verdict was found for the plaintiff in the sum of 30l. —*(See our Mag. for July* 1807, *Page* 157, *Vol.* 30.*)*—Mr. Serjeant Williams now moved for a new trial. In order that the question might be completely understood, he stated the substance of the declaration, which consisted of two counts: the first stated, that the defendant, intending to catch, wound, and destroy the plaintiff's dogs, set divers engines, traps, and snares in a wood called Cats' Wood, and likewise near the footway, and upon the adjoining lands; and placed pieces of meat, flesh, and other strong-smelling things in the engines, traps, snares, &c. for the space of ten days; by reason of which three dogs of the plaintiff's then and there lawfully passing and re-passing in the said wood called Cats' Wood, along the pathway leading through it, and three other dogs of the plaintiff's in the lands of other persons, and also three other dogs in the lands of the plaintiff, were, by the scent of the said meat, &c. enticed and allured from the lawful highways and other lands and grounds, to the said engines, traps, and snares, and were thereby caught.

The Learned Serjeant said, that in his whole practice he never heard of a case of so singular a nature as the present.

It appeared in evidence at the trial, that the defendant was owner of the wood called Cats' Wood, and that he had employed a blacksmith to make him various small traps to catch weazels and other vermin, and likewise to construct some traps of larger dimensions, to destroy foxes, badgers, &c. and that, unluckily, the plaintiff's dogs were caught in them by trespassing into the wood of the defendant; but it did not appear that the defendant had any malicious intentions against the dogs of the plaintiff; and on the first night, when the game-keeper set the traps, two badgers were caught.

Mr. Justice Grose—"Was there any evidence that the meat was drawn across the lawful path-way through the wood, so as to allure the dogs?"

Mr. Serjeant Williams—"None at all, my Lord."

Rule to shew cause granted.

HORSE CAUSE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, NOV. 7.

Drury *v.* Des Fontaines.

MR. Serjeant Shepherd moved for a new trial in this case. It was tried last sitting at Guildhall, and was an action brought by the plaintiff, the owner of a horse valued at 100l. against the defendant, to whom it was alledged the horse was sold.

The circumstances were these:—The horse stood at Hull's Livery Stables, and the defendant came, on the part of a Major Mackenzie, who had some thoughts of purchasing it, and requested that he might have a trial of the horse. The horse was given to him, upon an agreement (as Hull positively swore) that

that the defendant must either bring back the horse by two o'clock, or he would consider him sold, for that Lord Eldon wished to see the horse between three and four. The defendant did not bring the horse till six or seven o'clock in the evening, and the action was brought, as on a positive agreement, for 100l. The story of Lord Eldon's wanting to see the horse was a mere invention; but still, the jury, believing the evidence of Mr. Hull, found for the plaintiff. The story he told, of a person, like the defendant, coming from a gentleman, and engaging himself to pay 100l. if the gentleman did not return the horse by two o'clock, was so contrary to all probability, that it was impossible to conceive what induced the jury to find such a verdict.

The Chief Justice.—"Brother Shepherd, I did not believe a word of Hull's testimony at the trial (although he swore most stoutly,) nor do I now believe it; but still, that was a question for the jury, and I don't know how we can help you."

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd still urged the great improbability of the story which the jury had believed, and considered the inference they drew as contrary to the evidence. He also stated, that, besides the great improbability of such a contract having been entered into, there was an objection in law to the contract. It was stated to have been made on a Sunday, and there was an Act of Parliament, which passed in the reign of Charles II. which rendered void all such contracts made upon a Sunday.

The Chief Justice, after conferring with the other Judges, said, that the story which was so positively sworn to by Hull, and so liberally credited by the jury, of a person like the defendant engaging himself to pay 100l. if the gentleman for whom he came did not return the horse at two o'clock to a minute, was a story so vastly improbable, that it did deserve serious consideration whether such a verdict should not be set aside. As to the latter objection, of the contract being made on a Sunday, he certainly did remember that there was some old Act of Parliament which relates to contracts made on a Sunday. On both these grounds, it appeared worth an argument.

The rule for a new trial was granted, unless cause were shewn to the contrary.

We do not think the imputation thrown out by the Lord Chief Justice, against Mr. Hull, to be fair or candid.—Lord Mansfield (if it be the senior Hull) had a very high opinion of his integrity in his profession.

NEGLIGENTLY FIRING A GUN.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Flint v. Whoolly.

Mr. Serjeant Cockel described this to be an action to recover damages for an assault, the defendant having done an injury to the plaintiff's wife by firing a gun.

The Learned Serjeant observed, when the facts of the case were known, the Jury would consider large damages necessary. The plaintiff was a gentleman of fortune, residing at Walham Green, and the defendant a brewer, in the same vicinity. In May last, while Mrs. F. was walking in her garden, the defendant, who was amusing himself with shooting small birds,

birds, let fly and wounded her.— Here Mr. Serjeant Cockel observed, he had no objection to sport of the latter description, if the parties followed it lawfully, but if the lives of his Majesty's subjects were endangered by their negligence, they were highly censurable. Mrs. F. was surprised to hear the report of a gun, and to find herself wounded. She wore two handkerchiefs, one of silk, the other of muslin; the shot went through both, and wounded her in the neck. She was then pregnant, and found herself necessitated to procure medical aid from two professional men, who were ready to prove the sufferings she endured, and the expence incurred. The shot from the defendant's gun not only struck Mrs. F. but the hat of a person walking at the same time, in the garden, fortunately without doing further injury. When the defendant was told he had done Mrs. F. a serious injury, and requested to make compensation for what he had done, he refused to comply, with unbecoming expressions; notwithstanding which, he (the Learned Serjeant) was instructed to say, if the defendant would come forward and pay the Surgeon's bill, he would go no farther in the cause. He then called a witness to support the plaintiff's case; but Mr. Serjeant Clayton, for the defendant, admitted that his client had unintentionally occasioned the accident, by firing his piece, and that he was ready to compromise the action.

The jury accordingly, with the consent of the parties, gave a verdict for the Surgeon's bill, amounting to 8l. 9s.

Sir James Mansfield, on the decision of the cause, observed the defendant was *well off*.

LUDICROUS WAGER.

CAPTAIN Bennet, of the Loyal Ongar Hundred Volunteers, engaged to trundle a hoop from Whitechapel Church to Ongar, in Essex, in three hours and a half, a distance of twenty-two-miles, for a wager of one hundred guineas.

He started on Saturday morning, Nov. 21, precisely at six o'clock, with the wind very much in his favour, and the odds about two to one against him. Notwithstanding the early hour, the singularity of the match brought together a numerous assemblage. The hoop used by Captain B. on the occasion was heavier than those trundled by boys in general, and was selected by him conformably to the terms of the wager. The first ten miles Captain B. performed in one hour and twenty minutes, which changed the odds considerably in his favour. We did not hear in what time he performed the whole of the distance; but there is no doubt that he accomplished it considerably within the given time, as the Ongar coachman met him only five miles and a half from Ongar, when he had a full hour in hand.

BOXING.

NOTWITHSTANDING Gregson, the Lancashire bruiser, was so severely beaten in his late contest with Gulley, that his life was despaired of, he is still confident that, in the event of another battle, he will prove victorious. His friends encourage him in this opinion, as he is under the tuition of Dan Mendoza, and they have prevailed upon him to challenge his late opponent for 200l. a-side.

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The challenge was sent a few days ago, and conveyed to Norwich, where Gulley has been staying for some time. It was couched in the following terms:—

"Mr. Gulley,—It is the wish of myself and friends, that I should try my fortune with you in another battle, for 200l. a-side. If you are inclined to give me the opportunity, I will thank you to say so, and also to name the time when it will be convenient to meet, to put down stakes and arrange particulars."

To this Gulley returned an immediate answer, as follows:—

"Mr. Gregson,—I accept your challenge, but wish that you would make the match for 250l. instead of 200l. a-side. I shall not delay a moment being in town, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements as to time, place, &c."

Pearce, the Game Chicken, has obtained more credit in rescuing from certain and immediate destruction a distressed female, at the late fire in Thomas's-street, Bristol, at the hazard of his life, than he did in vanquishing all his formidable adversaries in his various successful pitched battles. However ferocious and sturdy his conduct might have been termed in these professional encounters, he has demonstrated to the world, that his heart has not been rendered callous by his sanguinary conflicts. The fire alluded to broke out in the house of Mrs. Densil, a mercer. The flames had made such inroad in the interior before the alarm was sufficiently given, that a servant maid, the only resident in the house, was awakened to her sense of danger, in all appearance but too late: the poor girl, in all the horrors of despair, stood at the garret window, enveloped in flames. Under these circumstances, Pearce was seen at the top of the adjoining house, making his way to the parapet wall, under which the poor girl was; then, to the surprise of all who beheld him, and at the extreme hazard of his own life, he hung over the parapet, clasped her wrists in his hands, drew her up to the place where he was, and so extricated her from a situation too dreadful almost to conceive. A subscription has been opened in the metropolis, to give him a reward for this instance of true courage.

It will be remembered, that a desperate battle was fought a few weeks since, in Hampshire, between a celebrated champion in that county of the name of Flowers, a coachman, who had won all his former battles, and a chair-maker of the name of Jonas, also a noted professor, who travels the country, and that after a contention of nearly two hours, Jonas was declared the victor—(*see our last Mag. page 8*).—The latter, who, since the above contest, has made boxing his profession, met his death on Friday, the 20th, at Knightsbridge, by the blows he received in a pitched battle, at Dresden Green, Bucks, with a navigator of the name of Courtney, a fortnight since. Such was the obstinacy of this battle, which lasted an hour and a half, that the parties were taken off the ground alike punished, and to such an extent, that they were unable to walk up to meet each other.—They were to have fought the battle over again in a month, but death decided the match as we have already stated. Jonas had been unable to turn in bed since the conflict, and the survivor is yet unable to walk.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Kirby, of York, has lately purchased *Knowsley* of Lord Fitzwilliam; the *Bay Hyacinthus Colt* of Lord Darlington (late Mr. Morley's); and also the black stallion *Midnight*. — *Knowsley* (own brother to Mr. Ackers's Atlas) was got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Bab, by Bourdeaux, out of Speranza, (own sister to Saltram) by Eclipse. — The *Bay Hyacinthus Colt*'s dam was got by Mr. Jolliff's Foxhunter, (son of Mr. Hutton's Ranger) out of Mr. Garforth's Laura, by Eclipse.—*Midnight* was bred by Mr. Golding, of Newmarket, and is own brother to Smallbones and Minos, by Justice; dam by Panglos; grandam, Riddle, by the Wolseley Barb; Lady Augusta, by Spot, Crab, out of Miss Jigg, own sister to Partner.

MR. W. Walker, of Liverpool, has purchased Mr. Robinson's Bay Filly, that won at the last Northallerton and Richmond Races.—She was got by Stamford; her dam, Belle Fille, by Weasel, out of a Young Marsk mare.

MR. E. L. Hodgson's *Miss Decoy* is sold to Mr. Coombes, of North Britain, for 250gs.—She was got by Moorcock; her dam, Miss Muston (Miltonia's dam), by King Fergus, out of Columbine, the dam of Mr. Welburn's Comet, &c. —*Miss Decoy*, in October, won 50l. at Dumfries, and three 50l. Plates at the Caledonian Hunt, held at Ayr.—*(See our Racing Calendar for this month.)*

WARWICK November Meeting. —On Friday, the 6th instant, a match, four-mile heats, rode by gentlemen, was run over Warwick Course, by Mr. Bayzand's Judgment, and Mr. Goulbourn's grey horse, which was won at two heats by the former. — Afterwards, a sweepstakes, two-mile heats, by the members of Mr. Corbet's hunt, rode by gentlemen, was won at two heats by Mr. Gillibrand's g. h. Handicap, beating Mr. E. Tomes's g. h. Conqueror, and Mr. ——'s c. h. Governor. The latter, which was the favourite, in the second heat ran on the wrong side the post.

AMONG the numerous bets to be decided by the Jockey Club, at Newmarket, at the next Meeting, is the following, on which a considerable sum is depending:—A. betted B. that the Duke of York would be at a specified place on a day named; his Royal Highness was there between seven and eight o'clock, P. M. of that day. A. contends he has won; B. says no —the sun is set, and therefore the day is ended.

A MATCH of pigeon-shooting, for twenty guineas, took place on Wednesday, the 11th inst. in a meadow near Newbury, between Mr. Messenger, of the Swan, Ham Bridge, and a landlord of Speenhamland, a celebrated shot: they killed thirteen pigeons each, out of fourteen, Mr. Messenger missing his second, and the landlord his seventh bird.— A decisive match will take place in a short time, when much sport is expected.

ONE day this month, a shooting party, at Brede, in Suffolk, unseated

seated a hare, which was so hard pressed by their spaniels, that the timid animal ran for protection, with great violence, betwixt the legs of Mr. Skinner, a farmer, at that place, and nearly forced his *pedestals* from the ground. Mr. Skinner, however, with difficulty recovered the shock, and secured puss, to the no small disappointment of her pursuers.

Saturday, the 7th instant, a hare was turned up before a brace of greyhounds, in Ringmer chalk-pit, Sussex, and so hardly pressed down a declivity of the hill, that, to accelerate her escape, she leaped from it on the road below, and broke both her fore legs; after which the timid animal actually led her pursuers a considerable distance on her stumps, until she was at length overtaken, and put out of her misery, in a field belonging to Mr. Farecomb, of Stoneham.

A setter bitch, late the property of Sir William Leighton, but now in the possession of Mr. Street, a victualler, in Marlborough-street, brought forth a litter of fifteen, on Wednesday, Nov. 18.

On Tuesday the 29th ult. an animal, resembling a tiger cat, found his way into a house in Invermorrison, in Scotland, which being observed by the woman of the house, who instantly gave the alarm, he sprung towards her with the greatest ferocity at least 16 feet, but was prevented from doing her any injury by three men, who pursued and killed him. A leather collar, with an iron chain about 18 inches long, were found round his neck. It is supposed to be the same animal which lately made his escape from an exhibition of wild beasts, and is said to have done considerable mischief.

It is imagined there was as much money depending on the issue of the match between Mr. Fermor's Cerberus and Lord Sackville's Bustard, at Newmarket, as on the memorable race between Hambletonian and Diamond. The odds were in favour of Cerberus—Bustard won.—Mr. Fermor is said to have had 2000gs. depending, besides the stake of 500gs.

The late Newmarket Meeting not only afforded sport to the amateurs of horse-racing, boxing, foot-racing, &c. but it will shortly afford diversion for Westminster-Hall. A gentleman of some celebrity in the sporting circles, accidentally made a purchase of a horse of a farmer, who resides between that place and Waldron, and on the same evening, payment for the animal was made over a bottle, at the farmer's house. In the course of conversation, it came out that a sum of money was due to the wife of the farmer, a handsome woman, by heirship, and Mr. L. the sportsman, undertook to recover it, on personal claim being made by the lady in London. She was dispatched with her brother to recover the treasure some weeks since, but on Wednesday, the 18th inst. the brother returned disconsolate, having lost his sister and her *kind* benefactor. Mr. L. had a temporary residence in Lower John-street, which he left on the Monday previous, and has since been totally lost.—The husband has arrived in London to seek his wife, but he has only been enabled to gain information sufficient to convince him that she has eloped.

The match against time for one hundred guineas, between E. Armitage and J. F. Scholes, Esqrs. was decided on Saturday, the 24th ult:

ult. on the road from Market Weighton to Pocklington New Inn. Mr. Scholes's bay mare, five years old, was to walk, trot, and gallop, three miles each within the hour, which she performed with perfect ease in fifty-seven minutes and nine seconds. Odds at starting, three to one in favour of the mare. She never broke pace.

The trotting match, between a gelding of Mr. Dimond's and Col. Hankey's mare, took place on Wednesday, the 4th instant, over a piece of ground near Egham, for 100gs. The distance over which the cattle performed was six miles, and was done by the winner in 24 minutes. The gelding made play and kept a-head, but the rider, who was feather weight, had no strength to keep him from bolting, and breaking into a gallop; the mare consequently won by about half a mile, and her owner netted some heavy stakes on the event.

On Saturday, the 14th of this month, a wrestling match took place in a private ground in Whitechapel, between a pork-butcher and a wheeler, one of Wiltshire, the other of Hampshire; bets ran high in favour of the butcher, when the wheeler, after three rounds, was pronounced the victor. During the contest, the wife of the butcher betted against her husband for a pint of gin, which she won, and drank it in company with a Jack Tar.

A foot-race, between Thomas Alderson and John Agar (otherwise Rabbit Jack) four miles, for 50gs. took place lately, between Holm and Market-Weighton, near York, which was won easy by the former.

An old man, of the name of Davis, 97 years of age, made a start at Bracknell, Bucks, on Monday, the 9th, to go four miles and a half within an hour, for a bet made between two gentlemen to some amount. When the match was made, Mr. Jennings, the gentleman who was to find the man, was bound not to give more than twenty-four hours notice to the pedestrian. The old man beat the odds in very good style, and performed his journey in three minutes less than the given time.—The same bet was offered that he did not go the same ground on the following day, but was refused.

Mr. Wilson, a Lieutenant, undertook to go forty-two miles in six hours and a half, for a stake of fifty guineas, on the Colnbrook-road, on a foot-path, near Crawley, the weather being too wet for the turf. He went six miles in the first hour, six and a half in the second, and seven in the third, when he halted about eight minutes, and continued his labours—went seven miles in the fourth hour, and five in the fifth, when he gave up, having nearly eleven miles to perform in an hour and twenty-two minutes.

Two opulent farmers undertook, for a wager of one hundred guineas each, to walk a certain distance within a given time, on the Tuesday of Reading Fair. A respectable looking person at the inn from whence they started was the stake-holder, who, when they proceeded on their walk, walked too; but he—*walked off*.

The 25th instant, C. R. Coveney, Esq. of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, undertook, for a wager of fifty guineas, with a Captain Smith, to run a mile in five minutes and a half, at four starts.—The

The ground was on the foot-path between Paddington and Kilburn Turnpike, a quarter of a mile of which was measured. Mr. C. weighs twelve stone, and he did the first quarter of a mile in one minute and sixteen seconds; the second in one minute and twenty-two seconds; and the third he was one minute and four seconds doing. He had to perform the other quarter of a mile in one minute and twelve seconds, and he lost the match by half a minute. The pedestrian was allowed twenty minutes between each start; but he did not take half the time. Bets were against the performance.

There was with the beasts at Melton Fair last month, a Scotch drover, who last year, after the Fair, set off from that place to his home, eight miles below Carlisle, a distance of more than 300 miles, which he walked in eight days; the expences allowed for his journey were only seven shillings and six-pence. Though the *rapidity* of this Scotchman is not in competition with the English pedestrians on the *turf* at Newmarket, yet he challenges them both on the *ground* of economy.

Breeding of horses in Yorkshire, and the extent of the sales in that county.—" *York.*— The great fair for horses at Howden, in Yorkshire, is just over, where good horses of all descriptions, whether for harness, hunting, or the road, sold at high prices. Good colts were scarce, and sold well. Horses adapted for the cavalry and artillery services were in great demand, and the prices for those of that description experienced a considerable advance. This, which is indisputably the largest fair for horses in the kingdom, commences annually on the 25th of September, and continues till the 3d of October, being attended by all the principal dealers from London, Edinburgh, and from several of the great towns in the different counties of England. During every night of the time above-mentioned, there are not less than 2000 horses in the stables of the respective innkeepers, or sent out to grass. The stables of the public-houses in the adjacent villages, to the extent of ten miles round Howden, are also completely full. So that it may be fairly estimated, that not less than 4000 horses are every day exposed to sale; and supposing this number is renewed only four times during those ten days, which is a very moderate calculation, it follows, that about 16,000 horses are disposed of at this fair, worth together not less than 200,000l."

From the Leicester Journal.— Public Office, Bishop's Fee, Nov. 7, 1807.—John Davenport Gamble, of Willoughby Waterless, was convicted before C. L. Smith, Esq. and Bench of Justices, in the penalty of 5l., for sporting, not being qualified.—As many unqualified persons, &c. have been found to elude paying the full penalty for poaching, under the act of the 5th of Queen Anne, after informations have been laid at this office of the Police by getting a *friend* to lay what they term an *amicable* information before a magistrate, and by so doing having " a moiety of the penalty to be laid upon conviction to the informer" returned to them, Magistrates acting within this county, are requested to make enquires into the circumstances and motives before they proceed upon such tenders.

In the succeeding week's Leicester

cester paper, the following appeared:—

The conviction against John Davenport Gamble, of Willoughby Waterless, for killing of game not being qualified, mentioned in the Leicester Journal of last week to have taken place before the Sitting Magistrates at the Public Office, in the Bishops' Fee, Leicester, will be moved into the Court of King's Bench, in order that the same may be quashed and set aside, on the ground that Mr. Gamble is qualified, and that the evidence by him of his qualification did not warrant the conviction.

John Thorpe, a cottager, of Buckminster, in Lincolnshire, was lately convicted, before Sir M. Cholmeley and the Rev. John Myers, Magistrates for the parts of Kesteven, of shooting a hare on the 4th ult. being the Sabbath-day. The mitigated penalty of 10l. was levied upon him, for the offence.

Caution.—The Justices of the Peace, at Glasgow, lately ordered a ferocious mastiff dog to be killed, and fined the proprietor five guineas, for having allowed it to go at large, after repeated complaints made, and his being completely in the knowledge of its having bitten a number of people.

Melancholy Accident.—On the 12th inst, as the Rev. Mr. Gilbert, of Kentchurch, Yorkshire, was out cock-shooting with some friends, near the Goltree, Monmouthshire, on proceeding down the side of a wood with one of them, and being a little advanced before him, by some accident his friend's gun went off, and lodged nearly the whole charge in the side of the back part of Mr. Gilbert's head, tearing away his ear. The unfortunate gentleman instantly fell; and the feelings of his friends may be imagined, but cannot be described, on beholding the dreadful spectacle his lacerated head presented. He was conveyed to a farm-house, where he lingered till the next Sunday morning, and expired. He was sensible to the last, awaited death with the most Christian resignation, and repeatedly signified that he sincerely forgave the unfortunate author of the accident. He was 45 years of age, and universally beloved and regretted by a very numerous circle of friends.

The following distressing accident occured lately, at Ormskirk. The Rev. Mr. Ford of that place, having returned from a shooting party, used the precaution of taking off the lock of his fowling piece before he put it aside, in order to guard against those numerous and fatal accidents which so often arise from the careless or improper use of fire-arms. His servant having taken the piece to clean a short time afterwards, and perceiving it was loaded, used several attempts to get out the charge, but without success. At last he reached the candle to examine the barrel more nearly, when, melancholy to relate, a spark fell upon some loose grains of gunpowder which were lying about the edge of the touch-hole, and the piece instantly going off, lodged the whole of its contents in the poor man's body, and killed him on the spot.

A singular accident happened lately, to a child, only twelve months old, belonging to Mr. Goldsbury, in Horse-shoe-alley, Moorfields. A game cock used frequently to eat out of the child's hand, and on the above morning, while the child was sitting on the floor, the cock came as usual to feed, but the infant not having any thing for him, he immediately pecked at the child's

head,

head, penetrated to its brain, and produced instant death.

A MAN in the employ of a gentleman at Eastbourne, some time since, thinking he could effect a cure of the glanders, with which an ass belonging to his master was greatly afflicted, fomented the diseased parts, and was frequently assisted by his master's brother. The gentleman and the servant, extraordinary as it may appear, became both afflicted, within a few weeks, with the dreadful disorder under which the animal had suffered. They became indisposed, at the same time, with violent pains in different parts of the body, succeeded by wounds in the legs, with running sores. The servant expired a few days since: the gentleman is yet alive, but there are little hopes of his recovery.

A NEW and extraordinary instance of Hydrophobia has lately occurred, in the case of a son of a respectable tradesman in Piccadilly. Being suddenly taken ill with extraordinary spasms, Dr. Mosely, a physician to Chelsea Hospital, was called in. Finding that the poor boy had great difficulty in swallowing any thing in a liquid state, and that great spasmodic affection was created whenever any liquid was offered to him, the doctor enquired of his mother whether she recollected his having received any bite from a dog? who answered, with much natural alarm, that in July last he had been bitten in endeavouring to part two dogs that were fighting. Convinced that this was the cause of the malady, the doctor tried several experiments, by endeavouring to prevail upon him to take liquids, but never succeeded in getting down more than a tea spoonful, and that with the utmost repugnance on the part of his patient, amounting nearly to suffocation, succeeded by great tremblings, and wild starting of the eyes; and on stirring a bason of water before him, the agitations became more violent. These experiments were made on a given day, till which time the boy had eaten, and gone as usual about his business, discovering no symptoms of madness, or deprivation of intellect whatever. He took the medicines that were prescribed for him in pills without any difficulty; but Dr. Moseley too truly declared that no medicine could save him, for the poor boy died before eleven o'clock that night.

ABOUT the middle of the present month, Henry Corston, a boy between eight and nine years of age, the son of the landlord of the Star and Garter public-house, near Kensington turnpike gate, was bit on the lip by a terrier dog, belonging to his father. No particular notice was taken of it till the dog was observed the next day running up and down the road, biting all the dogs he met; he was in consequence tied up, and died in a short time, mad. The boy had some medicine given him, which it was supposed would prevent any ill effect taking place from the bite. On Tuesday the 10th, the boy went in from play, and complained of being unwell. His parents were not able to discover the cause of his illness, till they recollected the bite of the dog. To ascertain the cause, they were advised to offer him some water, which he refused with great disgust, and was seized immediately with a fit, which left no doubt of its being the hydrophobia. Messrs. Blackburn, Hardwick, Merryman, and several other medical gentlemen, were called in, but without effect; the boy died in great agony on the Saturday.

POETRY,

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE TO TIME'S A TELL-TALE.

Written by C. Lamb, Esq.

BOUND for the port of matrimonial bliss,
Ere I hoist sail, I hold it not amiss,
(Since prosp'rous ends ask prudent introductions)
To take a slight peep at my written instructions.
There's nothing like determining in time
All questions marital or maritime.

In all seas, straits, gulphs, ports, havens, lands, creeks.
Oh! Here it begins.
" Season, spring, wind, standing at point Desire—
The good ship Matrimony—Commander, Blandford, Esq."

Art. I.

" The Captain that has the command of her,
Or, in his absence, the acting officer,
To see her planks are sound, her timbers tight."—
That acting officer I don't relish quite.
No, as I hope to tack another verse on,
I'll do those duties in my proper person.

Art. II.

" All mutinies to be suppress'd at first."
That's a good caution to prevent the worst.

Art. III.

" That she be properly victual'd, mann'd and stor'd,
To see no foreigners are got on board."
That's rather difficult—do what we can—
A vessel sometimes may mistake her man.
The safest way in such a parlous doubt,
Is, steady watch and keep a sharp look out.

Art. IV.

" Whereas their Lords Commissioners (the church)
Do strictly authorise the right of search
As always practis'd—you're to understand
By these what articles are contraband;
Guns, mortars, pistols, halberts, swords, pikes, lances,
Balls, powder, shot, and the appurtenances.
Videlicet—whatever can be sent
To give the enemy encouragement.
Ogles are small shot (so the instruction runs)
Touches hand grenades, and squeezes rifle guns."

Art. V.

" That no free-bottom'd neutral waiting-maid
Presume to exercise the carrying trade:
The prohibition here contain'd extends
To all commerce cover'd by the name of Friends."
" Heaven speed the good ship well"—and so it ends.
Oh! with such wholesome jealousies as these
May Albion cherish his old spouse the seas,
Keep over her a husband's firm command,
Not with too rigid nor too lax a hand.
Be gently patient to her swells and throws
When, big with safeties, to himself she goes;
Nor while she clips him in a fast embrace,
Stand for some female frowns upon her face,
But tell the rival world—and tell in Thunder,
Whom Nature join'd, none ere shall put asunder.

AIR,

AIR,

Sung by Mrs. Dickons, in the new Comic Opera, called

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

WHEN gaily peep'd the morning,
To see night's shadow fly,
My drowsy pillow scorning,
With pleasure up rose I.
In sportive glee pass'd every day,
Till one false youth came in my way,
And now I'm left to sigh and say,
Heigho! heigho!
Why did he come? why did he go?

How could I guess that courting
Hid danger in a charm?
No lamb, around me sporting,
Thought less than I of harm.
To mirth attun'd, my heart was strung,
So high, that when my steps and tongue
Would walk or talk, they danced and sung,
Heigho! heigho!
Why did he come? why did he go?

SONG,

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, in the Character of Martinique.

(FROM THE SAME.)

" WHO'LL serve the King?" cried the Serjeant aloud,
Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd sweetly;
" Here, master Serjeant," said I, from the crowd,
" Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely."
My father was a Corporal, and well he knew his trade,
Of women, wine, and gunpowder, he never was afraid;
He'd march, fight,
Left, right,
Front, flank,
Centre rank;
Storm the trenches,
Court the wenches,
Lov'd the rattle
Of a battle,
Died with glory,
Lives in story.
And, like him, I found a soldier's life, if taken smooth and rough,
A very merry hey down derry sort of life enough.

" Hold up your head," said the Serjeant at drill,
Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd loudly,
" Turn out your toes, Sir"—says I, Sir, I will,
For a nimble-wristed round rattan, the Serjeant flourish'd proudly.
My father died when Corporal, but I ne'er turn'd my back,
Till promoted to the halbert, I was Serjeant in a crack.
In sword and sash,
Cut a dash,
Spurr'd and booted,
Next recruited,
Hod and Clod,
Aukward squad,
My rattan,
Then began
When boys, unwilling,
Came to drilling.
Till made the Colonel's orderly, then who but I so bluff,
Led a very merry hey down derry sort of life enough.

" Homeward, my lads," cried the General, huzza!
Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd cheerly;
To quick time we footed, and sung all the way,
Hey! for the pretty girls we love so dearly.
My father pass'd his time, I'm told, in bustle, jars, and strife,
And, like him, being fond of noise, I mean to take a wife.
Soon as Miss
Blushes yes,
Rings, gloves,
Dears, loves,
Bells ringing,
Comrades singing,
Honey moon
Finish'd soon,
Panting, sighing,
Children crying.
Perhaps a wedded life may prove, if taken smooth and rough,
A very merry hey down derry sort of life enough.

ON A LADY'S SENDING A TONGUE AND A HARE TO A FRIEND.

THAT Ma'am should send a tongue, no myst'ry's there;
But, prithee, wherefore did she send a hare?
Why, blockhead, with the *tongue a hare she sent,*
To let you know how *fast the other went.*